WITH FIFE and DRUM

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BY

F[illegible]CE WALTON TAYLOR

ON THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL

PICTURES BY

ELEANOR MUSSEY YOUNG

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SANTA FE

GLORIETA PASS

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CANADIAN

TEXAS

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MISSOURI

AS

INDEPENDENCE

PAWNEE ROCK

COUNCIL GROVE

VALNUT CREEK

COW CREEK

E FORKS

COTTONWOOD CREEK

ARKANSAS RIVER

NEOSHO RIVER

OKLAHOMA

RIVER

RIVER

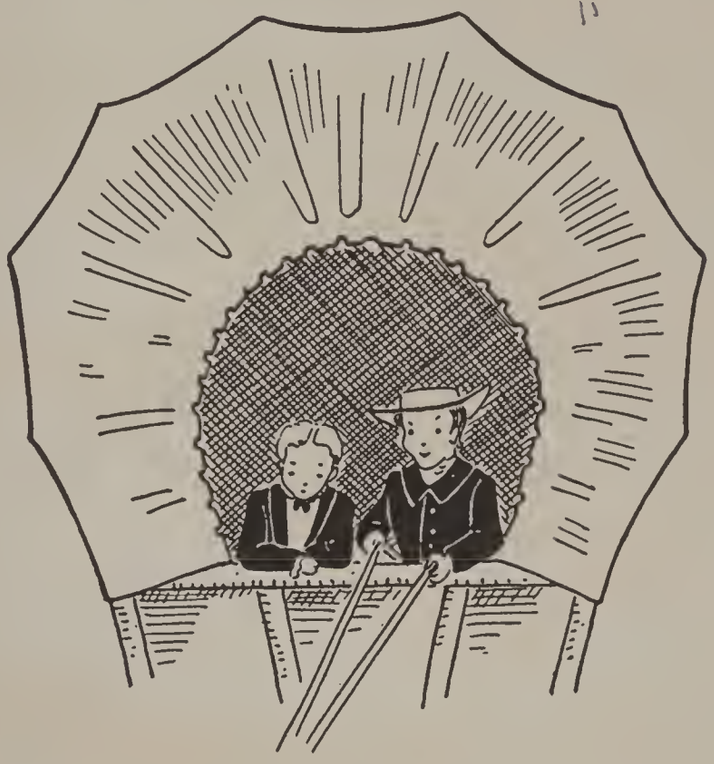
WITH FIFE AND DRUM

There lay the little city of Santa Fé

WITH FIFE AND DRUM

BY

FLORANCE WALTON TAYLOR



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ELEANOR MUSSEY YOUNG

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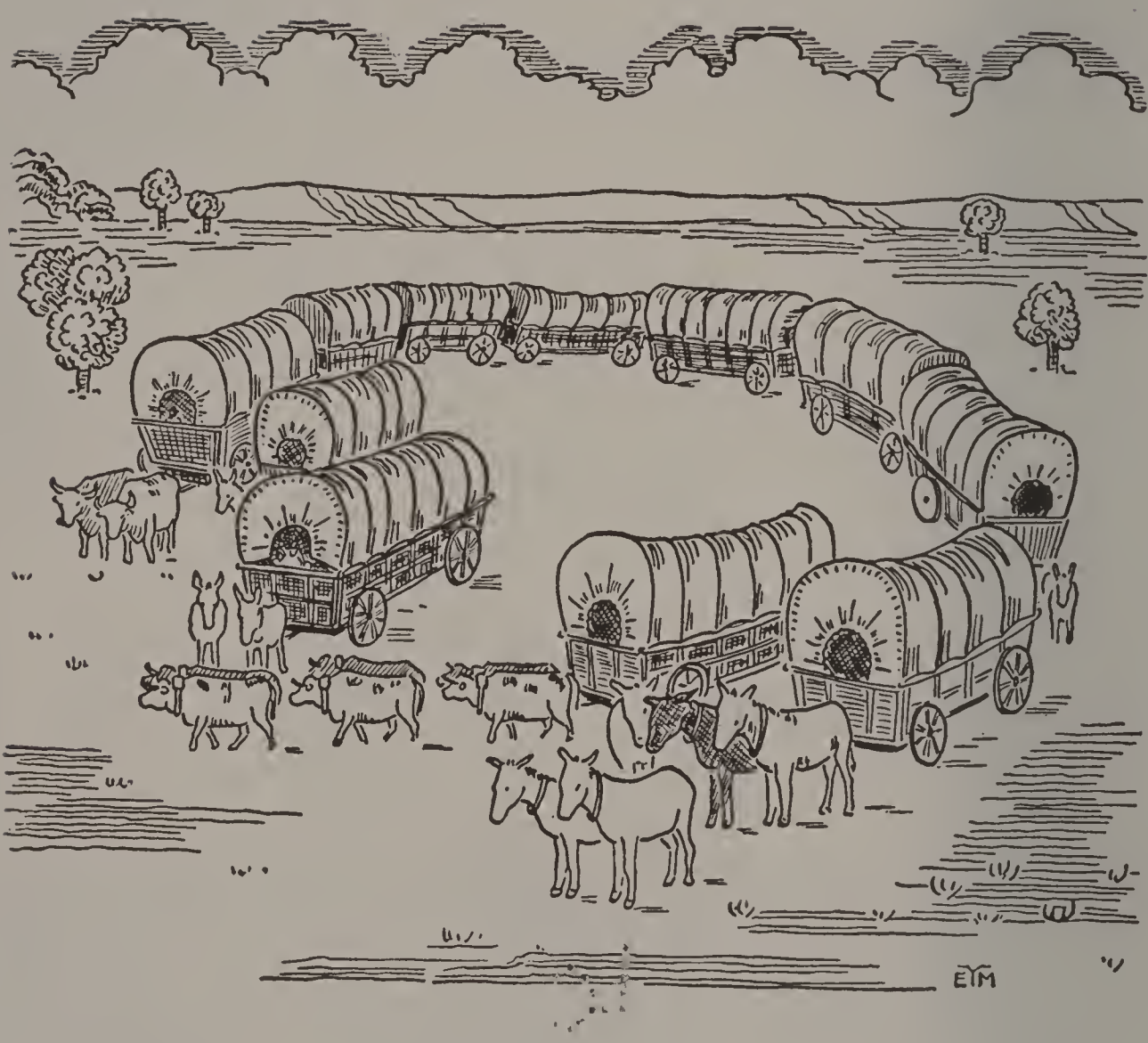

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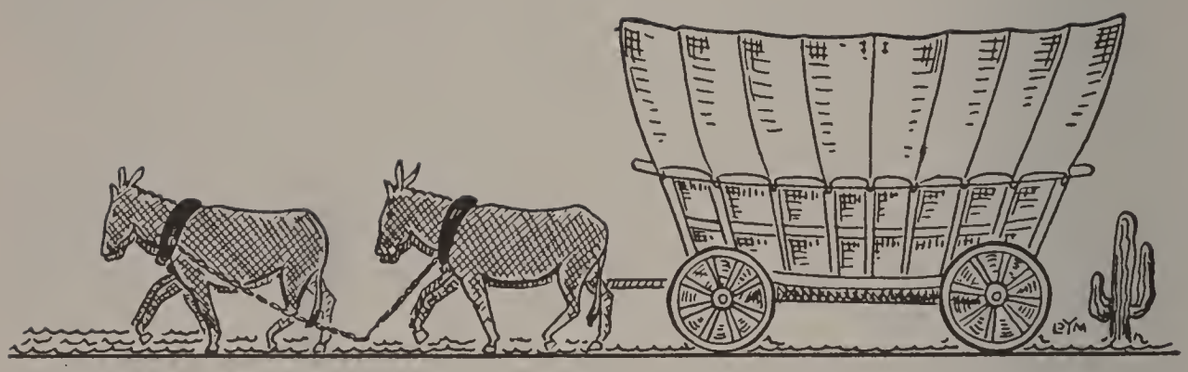
ON THE OLD SANTA FÉ TRAIL



There marched Sam and Danny Harrison

I

NOT A CHANCE

"WELL, boys, you might just as well turn around and start back," drawled a seasoned trader. "There's not a chance of your making Santy Fé in that outfit."

"Why not, sir?" asked Sam Harrison quickly.

"It's too light, my boy, too light," returned the trader. "By the time that wagon gets to Council Grove, it'll be ready to fall apart, and that's only the beginning of your journey."

"I don't know, sir," replied Sam with spirit. "We've come from Illinois in it."

"You have? All the way from Illinois here to Independence, Missouri?" The old trader looked at the boys with more interest. "How do you two lads happen to be traveling alone?"

"We're not alone, sir," replied Sam.

"No, sir. Our mother is with us," put in Danny Harrison.

"Your mother?"

"Yes, sir. You see, she isn't very well. We intend to take her to Santa Fé, where the climate will help her to get well again. At least, that's what father told us to do."

"Your father? He expects you two boys—? Hm-m. Well, where is he?"

"He's dead, sir. He died of the fever back in Illinois. You see we promised that we would take Mother and strike for the Santa Fé Trail as soon as possible," explained Sam. "And so here we are, waiting for the caravan to entrain."

"Well, well. You are two brave lads, but there's not a chance of making it in that outfit. I wish I had the space and I'd take you on with me, but I'm overloaded now. Well, good-bye," and the trader moved on to chat at the next outfit.

"Sam, what are we going to do?" asked Danny who was almost in tears. "He is the third man who has told us that we can't reach Santa Fé."

"Never mind, Danny." Sam was mustering courage to console his younger brother. Hadn't his father told him that he must take care of his mother and Danny?

"Something will happen to help us. We'll make it all right. Mind that you don't tell Mother what they have said about the wagon and our team. The caravan train does not start until morning and I'll think up some plan before that."

"It seems that everyone in the world is going west, doesn't it?" asked Danny, trying to be brave in his turn. "Those men over there must be trappers. Probably they go part of the way with us before they strike out for the Northwest." The boys discussed the people who were waiting for the caravan to

entrain, but each was secretly wondering what could be done to enable them to make the trip.

"Howdy, boys," drawled a kindly voice, "where are you going?"

The boys looked up into the friendly eyes of a tall man who had just come up to their wagon.

"We are going with the caravan to Santa Fé, sir," replied Sam.

"In that outfit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Boys, you'll never make it. I'm afraid your wagon is too light. Where are your folks?"

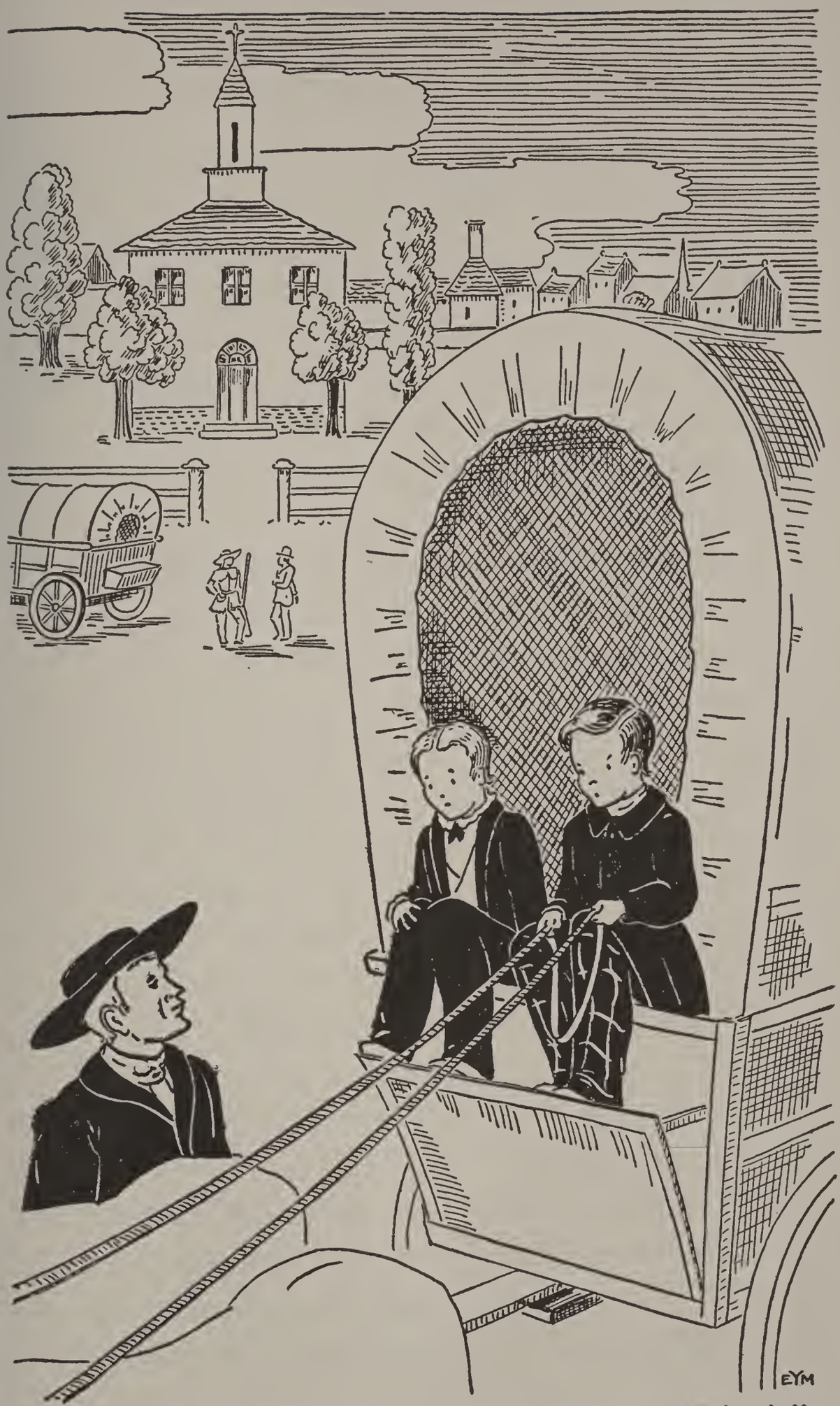
"Sh! Not so loud, please, sir. Our mother is asleep inside the wagon. She is ill and we are going to take her to Santa Fé for her health. We promised our father before he died that we'd get her to Santa Fé."

"Hm-m. That's too bad. What's your name, my boy?"

"Sam Harrison, sir. This is my brother, Danny."

"Harrison. Not one of the Harrisons from Marietta, Ohio, are you?"

Sam's face lighted quickly. "Why, yes, sir,



"We are going with the caravan to Santa Fé, sir"

that is, our father was Matthew Harrison from Marietta. We were born in Illinois."

"Matthew Harrison?" The tall gaunt man thought for a minute. "I wonder if he could have been one of Peter Harrison's boys."

"Yes, he was, sir. Peter Harrison was our grandfather, but I never saw him. He was killed in an Indian raid when I was a small boy."

"I knew Peter Harrison when I was a lad, Sam, but I did not know his children, for I left that country many years ago. I'm going to Santa Fé too. This is my third trip over the trail. I have been doing a little trading and I've a load to take in the morning. If you boys can dispose of that wagon and most of your baggage, I'll buy your mule team and you can sleep with me. I have a Pittsburgh wagon and it takes eight mules to draw it. I have plenty of room in the wagon for your mother."

"Oh! If we only could go!" exclaimed Danny anxiously.

"I don't see why we can't arrange it. I have been looking for another good team of mules. One of mine has gone lame and I'll have to leave the animal here. I need eight

mules to pull the wagon through some of the sandy places which we shall encounter along the route. There are some traders who think that oxen are better for the trip than mules, but I've tried both and I prefer mules every time. Oxen lose their strength when the grass is burned off and they don't travel as fast or as comfortably as the mules do. My name is Riley, Henry Riley. What do you boys say to joining in with me?"

"Oh, sir, we—er—" began Sam. "If our mother is willing, we shall be glad to go along with you. You see, a little while ago we were a bit discouraged, for several of the traders told us that we could not reach Santa Fé in our wagon. They have all told us that it is too light."

"So it is, boys. I haven't much room, but I can easily make a place for Peter Harrison's grandsons. Do you have much of a load?"

"No, sir. We have our household goods, but we can get rid of them," replied Sam.

"We have our groceries, coffee, salt, sugar and flour. Then we have some rice and tea for Mother. Oh, and fruit and crackers too," added Danny proudly.

"That's a fine outlay, Danny," laughed Mr.

Riley. "We shall need all of those items before we reach old Santa Fé. Well, boys, find out what your mother wants you to do. I'll be going along now. If you decide to go with me, just come over and say the word. My outfit is the third one on the right. I'll be back there in an hour. If you don't come, I shall have to look about for some mules for my wagon."

"Very well, sir. We'll let you know as soon as we talk to Mother. Good-bye."

"Sam," began Danny, as soon as Mr. Riley was out of hearing, "do you think it will be all right to go on with him? Do you suppose that Mother will consent to it?"

"I believe he is all right, Danny. When Mother knows that we can't possibly go on in this wagon, I think that she will be glad to make the change. Let's ask her now."

"Mother, Mother," called Danny excitedly as he climbed up inside the wagon.

"Yes, son," replied a weak, but pleasant voice.

"Sam and I have something important to discuss with you. It's about going in the caravan train in the morning."

"What is it, Danny?"

"Oh, Sam, you tell her," replied Danny. He lost his excitement when he heard his mother's weak voice.

"Well, Mother, several different traders have been telling us that our wagon is too light for us to try to reach Santa Fé in. Every man who has passed us, has stopped to say that we can never make the trip with our outfit," said Sam, bravely carrying on.

"Oh, boys, what shall we do?"

"One man came along," went on Sam hurriedly, for he noticed that his mother sounded discouraged, "a Mr. Riley who used to know Grandfather Harrison. He has offered to take us with him, if we dispose of our wagon and baggage. He wants to buy our team of mules."

"Boys," replied their mother, "I'm just not able to decide what is best, but if you think that this Mr. Riley is to be trusted, we can try it, for we can't stay here. Don't sell the mules, though, but tell Mr. Riley that he may use the team in payment for taking us with him. Sell everything else except the groceries, my trunk, and our bedding."

"Everything, Mother?" asked Sam and Danny in chorus.

"Yes, everything else, for he won't have much room for our traps."

"Mother," cried Danny, "I'll have to take my drum. I just couldn't get along without it."

"And my fife," added Sam, as appealingly as he possibly could.

"Your fife won't take up much room, Sam, but Danny's drum is out of the question. You can't take it, son, as it is entirely too bulky. Perhaps you can sell it here in Independence and get a good price for it."

Danny's face fell. "Mother," he choked, "I can't sell my drum, I just can't."

"Mother," put in Sam, for he saw that Danny was ready to cry, "if Mr. Riley says that there will be room in the wagon for the drum, may Danny take it?"

"Yes, son, of course he may take it, if Mr. Riley says so, but don't insist on it."

"All right, Mother. Come on, Danny. Let's go and talk with Mr. Riley. I'm sure he can manage to take it, and I'm glad we have decided to travel with him."

* *

Independence, Missouri, in the 1830's was

the starting point of the Santa Fé Trail. It was a straggling little village for the most of the year, but in the springtime, it bustled with the activity of the departing overland caravans. Today it is a thriving town of over 15,000 people, just east of Kansas.

II

COUNCIL GROVE

Eleven days later Danny was perched on the high wagon seat beside Mr. Riley. He and Sam usually took turns riding beside their new benefactor. They had liked Mr. Riley from the first time that they had seen him, and each day saw their admiration for him increasing. Before the end of their journey both they and the other members of the

caravan train were to know him for a wise and fearless man.

They had come about one hundred and fifty miles over the trail from Independence and were now within sight of Council Grove, a beautiful strip of timbered bottom land nearly half a mile in width, bordering on the Neosho River.

As Danny gazed over the broad backs of the eight mules at the beautiful trees now bordering the horizon, his eyes lighted with anticipation. "What are we going to do at Council Grove, Mr. Riley?"

"We'll camp for a few days, sonny, and give you two boys a chance to exercise your legs a bit. There will be more wagons here, waiting for us to join them. This is the last meeting place of the journey, and it is here that we shall organize the caravan."

"More travelers? That will be fun. How do you organize a caravan, Mr. Riley?"

"You'll see very shortly, my boy. I imagine that a captain will be chosen tonight. He will assign a task to every man, he orders the travel route for each day and determines where the camp shall be pitched for the night."

"My, the captain is an important man then, isn't he?"

"Well, yes and no. Certainly every caravan needs a captain, but since the men do not have to obey him, they often neglect the duties, which he assigns to them."

"I think you would make a fine captain, Mr. Riley. I'll be glad to do my share of the work."

"Thanks, Danny. I wish every one were as ready to help as you and Sam are."

"What do you want us to do at Council Grove?"

"There won't be anything to do until the time for the Council. I want you and Sam to come to the meeting to see how it is conducted. Until that time you may walk about and entertain your mother."

"Mother has seemed so cheerful since we started that I'm sure she will soon be well again," said Danny happily.

"I think she is improving too, Danny, and she is certainly in excellent spirits."

In a short time they reached Council Grove where a great many wagons were waiting for them. Mr. Riley joined the men immediately, while the boys and their mother spent

In the late afternoon they prepared their supper

the afternoon walking about and resting after their long ride.

In the late afternoon, after they had rested, they prepared their supper over a hastily constructed camp fire.

When they had all eaten supper a general council of the caravan was called, and the men seated themselves in a semi-circle on the ground.

"Come over here, boys," called Mr. Riley. "You must sit in the circle with us, for you are counted as men in this assembly."

Danny looked inquiringly at Sam.

"Come on, Danny. Mr. Riley is right. We shall have to do a man's part. Let's go with him."

"All right, Sam, if you say so."

The two boys joined the crowd of men. As soon as all were seated, a short stout man called the meeting to order.

"Men of this caravan train," he began, "we are met here to organize this caravan for traveling purposes, before we proceed to Santa Fé. Nominations are in order for captain."

A farmer in a blue jean coat called, "Herman Jones."

"William Hanson," cried a wagoner from the other side of the circle.

"Tom Bagby," said a tall backwoodsman who wore a leather hunting shirt.

Thereupon a great cry arose and it seemed that every man was shouting a name. Everyone seemed to be talking at once in such loud tones that Sam and Danny were just a little frightened. Finally one name seemed to be called from all sides.

"Riley. Riley. Henry Riley."

"Why, that's our Mr. Riley!" whispered Danny to Sam.

To their surprise and delight, Mr. Riley was elected almost immediately. He separated himself from the group of men and began to speak.

"Men," he said, "I am deeply moved by this honor bestowed upon me, and I shall do my best to carry this caravan to a speedy and safe arrival at its destination, old Santa Fé."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" came the cry from every throat.

"To this end, we shall now organize this caravan." Mr. Riley glanced around the semicircle. "I see men from all stations of life in this crowd; merchants, wagoners, traders,

farmers, even invalids. We all want the same thing and that is to reach the West safely."

"Yes, yes. Hurrah!" cried all the men again, while Sam and Danny beamed possessively at their benefactor.

"I am going to divide the train into three parts. We have about sixty-eight wagons with one small mounted cannon. Ned Timm, you will serve as lieutenant of the first division; William Stanley, the second, and Horace Black, the third. It will be your duty to inspect every ravine on the route before allowing the wagons to cross. You will also have charge of the encampment each night. Please call the roll to determine the number of men in each of the divisions so that I may assign guard duty to all."

The three lieutenants began to walk about, calling the name of each man in his division.

"While they are determining the number of men," went on Mr. Riley, "I shall explain the duty of the guards. No able man shall be exempt from this duty. If there are any loafers here, you will stand guard in your turn or you will be left alone on the prairie to perish. We need every man, for from now on, there will be constant danger from marauding In-

dians. There will be eight watches. Each guard will stand a fourth of every alternate night. Even my companions, Sam and Danny Harrison will not be exempt from this duty. Stand up, boys."

"Get up, Danny," cried Sam, as he struggled to his feet. The two boys stood up amidst a great clapping of hands.

"Now, do you lieutenants have a report of your divisions?" asked Mr. Riley.

"Yes, sir, we have," replied William Stanley as he handed him the report.

Mr. Riley read it quickly and turned to the waiting men to announce, "We have one hundred and fifty men, a few invalids and several women. That is a fine crowd. We shall remain here tomorrow and entrain for the West the next morning. I shall assign guard duty tomorrow. Let the laborers look to their lumber for axle and other wagon repairs. Now, in lieu of buglers for this caravan, I want to present to you our fife and drum corps, Sam and Danny Harrison. Come up to the front, boys."

"Let's have some music now," cried several of the men.

Sam and Danny were embarrassed by so

much publicity, but they walked up to Mr. Riley obediently.

"Boys, get your instruments and show this crowd what you can do."

"Come on, Danny," cried Sam as he dashed over to their wagon to get his fife.

"Mother," called Danny when they arrived at the wagon. "Mother, Mr. Riley wants us to play for the men. I want my drum."

Mrs. Harrison smiled at him. "Here it is, Dan. I am glad that you can help Mr. Riley a little. Do your best."

"Yes, Mother, I'll try," said Danny joyfully.

"So'll I," called Sam as he dashed away with his fife.

"What would you like us to play?" asked Sam when they returned to the men.

"*Yankee Doodle*," cried several.

The boys smiled and struck up *Yankee Doodle*. Soon every foot was tapping merrily and many voices joined in the song.

"More! More!" roared the men when the boys had finished.

Sam looked inquiringly at Mr. Riley.

"Go ahead, boys. Give them what they want."

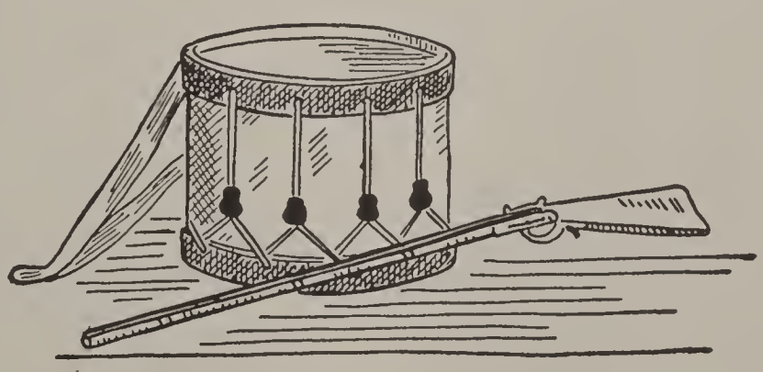
The boys played *Gentle Zitella, The Girl I Left Behind Me,* and many more tunes until Sam was quite breathless.

Finally Mr. Riley stood up and stretched out his arm for silence. "We have had enough now, men. The boys are exhausted. We can't thank you boys enough for this music and we hope to have more of it all along our way. It is quite late and the revelry must stop. Every man to his wagon."

Each and every man returned whistling to his wagon in better spirits than at any time since leaving Independence.

* *

Council Grove is today a city of 2,851 people, located on the original site of Council Grove, the meeting place of the caravans. It is about fifty miles southwest of Topeka, Kansas.



III

PAWNEE ROCK

"Isn't it getting time for us to see some buffaloes, Sam?" asked Danny as they rode along the trail on the high seat of the Pittsburgh wagon.

"I think it is, Danny. I've been expecting to see some ever since we left Cottonwoods, several days ago."

"Been expecting to see what, Sam?" asked

Mr. Riley, who had been giving his attention to the mules.

"Buffaloes, Mr. Riley," replied Danny quickly. "I heard some of the men talking about them the night that we camped at Cottonwoods."

"Buffaloes. Oh, to be sure! We'll be sighting a herd most any time now, I think. You know the other evening when we crossed Walnut Creek, I thought I saw some buffalo tracks in the soft mud by the river."

"Oh, Mr. Riley!" exclaimed Danny. "Really? I'd love to see some real buffaloes."

"And taste some too, my boy. I could stand a little fresh meat for a change, couldn't you?"

"I've never tasted buffalo meat, Mr. Riley, but I should like to try it."

"Well, you boys keep a sharp lookout ahead and we may meet a herd. Who knows?"

"Let's clean up father's guns," suggested Danny. "Come on, Sam, down inside the wagon."

The two boys climbed down from their high seat and into the wagon. They went to the old trunk which they had brought with them from Independence.

"What are you boys doing?" asked Mrs. Harrison.

"Oh, Mother, we are going to get out Father's guns and clean them, for we are getting ready for a buffalo hunt."

"A buffalo hunt? Why, where are there any buffaloes?" asked Mrs. Harrison anxiously.

"We haven't seen any yet, but we are in buffalo country now, and Mr. Riley says that it won't be long until we sight a herd."

"Where are the guns, Mother?" asked Danny, who had been searching for them in the old trunk.

"They are in the bottom of the trunk and you had better let them stay there. What do you two boys know about hunting buffaloes?"

"We can try, Mother, can't we? We can try to get one the same as the rest of the men."

Mrs. Harrison laughed gaily. "All right, boys. Get your guns ready. I expect that you know as much about buffalo hunting as some of the men do. But do be careful with those guns."

The two boys ferreted down into the trunk and produced two guns which had belonged to their father. Each boy began to clean and

polish one of them and had worked almost an hour, when suddenly they heard a scurrying and scampering of horses outside.

"Boys," called Mr. Riley. "Sam. Danny. Come up here. We have just sighted a buffalo herd."

Sam and Danny lost no time in climbing up to the seat with Mr. Riley. Sam was grasping his father's gun. There just ahead of them was a fine herd of about one hundred head. Every horseman was riding toward the buffaloes. Some of the wagoners were climbing down from their wagons and joining the race afoot.

"Come on, Danny," cried Sam as he started to climb over the wagon wheel.

"Not so fast there, Sam," called Mr. Riley. "Do you know how to use that gun?"

"No, sir, but I can try," replied Sam, hesitating at the wheel.

"No, Sam, you must not try to go; nor you either, Danny. Your time will come by-and-by. There is great danger that there will be a stampede and where would you two be afoot? No, my lad, we have need of our fife and drum corps in this caravan."

Sam bit his lip in vexation, but well he

knew that Mr. Riley's word was law for him as well as the other members of the caravan train. "Very well, sir," he replied, and sat down on the wagon seat to watch the hunt.

"Look, Sam!" cried Danny, pointing to the herd. "We mustn't go out there. See how the buffaloes are running in every direction."

"Boys," said Mr. Riley, "you may begin building the fires, for I can see that we shall pitch camp right here. The men will bring in several animals and they will want good fires to roast the meat for supper."

"All right, sir," replied Sam, glad to be of some use in the buffalo hunt. The boys climbed down and began to work, and it was not long before they had several roaring fires which would make splendid beds of coal for the buffalo meat.

When the men came back to the camp they brought several carcasses with them and in a short time the appetizing odor of roasting meat filled the air. They had a merry feast that night, for the juicy buffalo steaks were a welcome relief after almost a month of salt meat. After the activity of the afternoon the caravan soon became quiet.

In their haste to take care of the buffalo

meat, the men had been a little careless about forming the camp for the night. They had neglected to arrange the wagons in such a way that they formed a corral for the oxen and mules. Some of the men had forgotten to secure their animals at all and others had used only forehopples.

Forehopples are leather straps or ropes placed upon the forelegs. A sideline hopple is more secure for it connects a fore and a hind leg. With a sideline hopple, an animal can scarcely increase its pace beyond a hobbling walk, whereas with a forehopple it can scamper away very rapidly. Only a few of the men had tethered their mules to stakes.

Suddenly the oxen started up with a thundering noise and rushed towards the outlet which had not been protected carefully enough by the wagons. Immediately the mules were thrown into a panic and each one started scurrying away. Sam, who was sleeping nearest to the wagon, wakened with the first rattle of the neighboring oxen yoke.

"Mr. Riley, Mr. Riley," screamed Sam, as he jumped from his pallet. Danny was awake now and thoroughly frightened.

"What is it, Sam?"

"I don't know. Something must have frightened the animals. Grab that mule there, Danny." As he talked, Sam swung on to the harness of the mule nearest him.

When Danny heard Sam's order, he started to seize a mule, but became entangled in its harness. The mule started off, dragging him with it. Danny hung on desperately, for he knew that if he fell, he would be trampled underfoot. How far the mule dragged him, he did not know, but it finally became so tangled in its forehopple that it was forced to stop.

Danny was very much frightened now, for he did not know how to find his way back to the caravan. Indians might be lurking near him in the dark. The mule lay panting beside him and together they waited for the dawn to come. Danny tried very hard not to cry, but he just could not keep the tears back for he was all alone on the wild, trackless prairie.

Suppose the caravan train should not be able to find him! He tried to call out but the words would not come. Perhaps it was better so, for he might attract some skulking Indian by his outcries. Almost too frightened to breathe, he lay by the side of the mule.

He saw his brother Sam

Finally after what seemed an eternity of waiting to Danny, daybreak came and he was able to look about him. Just in front of him was a huge rock, which jutted out on the plain. Slowly leading the mule, he crept toward the rock. It was very large, about twenty feet in height, and was covered with chalk marks. Creeping nearer, he could read some of them and soon could make out

THIS IS PAWNEE ROCK. YOU ARE IN INDIAN GROUND. DANGER.

Above this inscription were some queer symbols which he could not understand. Suddenly he heard a shout behind him. He turned and saw, coming around from the other side of the rock, his brother Sam and the other mule.

"Danny, Danny," cried Sam. "You're safe! I've found you. I wonder where we are."

"Oh, Sam," said Danny, his eyes filling with tears, "I have been so frightened all night. The mule dragged me almost up to this rock."

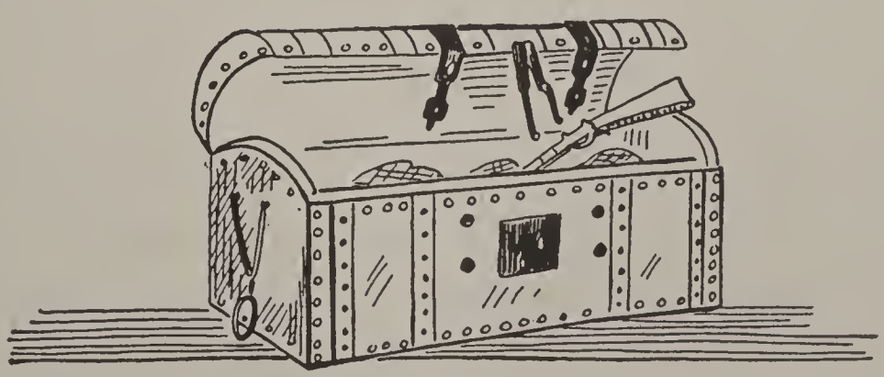
"And I've been just on the other side of it. What does it say there?" Sam read the chalk writing. "Why Danny, that's the rock that Mr. Riley was telling us about. We are still

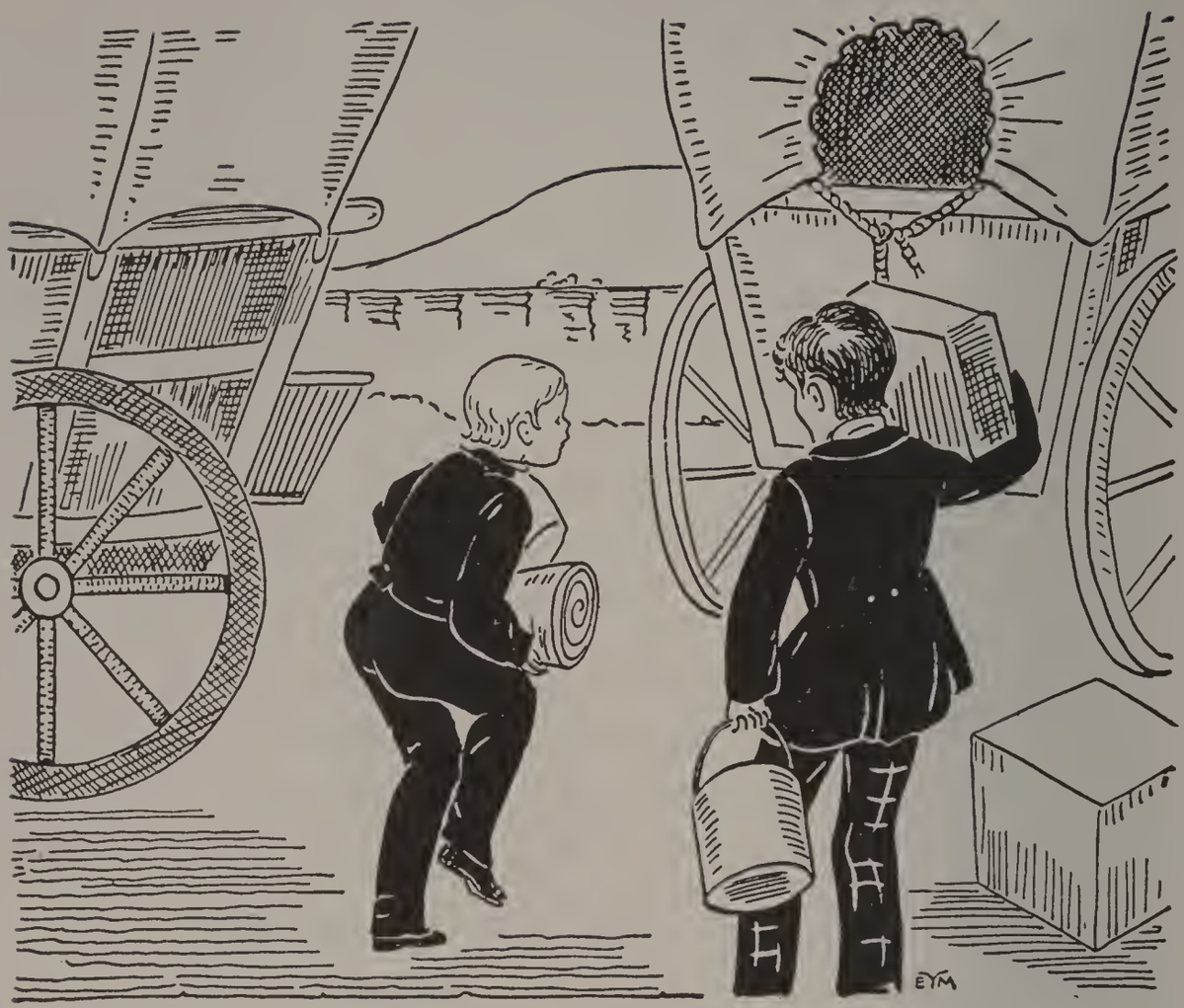
on the trail. We can't have come so far during the night, for the mules were wearing their forehopples. Courage, Danny. We'll wait here and I'm sure that the caravan will soon be along this way."

"Oh, I hope that it comes soon, Sam," said Danny hopefully.

* *

Pawnee Rock, the once famous landmark of the Santa Fé Trail, is now merely a mass of sandstone, since much of it has been cut away by various construction gangs. The remaining rock is included in one of the state parks of Kansas. It is located in Barton County, just a few miles west of Great Bend. During the Santa Fé Trail days, it was the great lookout of the Pawnees on their raids against the Sioux.





IV

BUFFALO BOAT

Sam and Danny were busy unfastening the chains which bound the mules together. Several days had passed since their wild ride through the darkness to Pawnee Rock, and the boys were none the worse for their ex-

perience. Sam paused a moment in his work, "Do you suppose we'll see any Indians today, Danny?"

"Oh, Sam, I wish we would, don't you?"

"Well, I do and I don't," replied Sam. "It would be all right if we should see them first, but I wouldn't care to have them come swooping down on us."

"Nor I, either. It makes my spine prickle, but I guess I've been feeling nervous ever since we left Pawnee Rock."

"Because it said we were in Indian ground and there was danger?"

"Well, yes," said Danny. "You remember that we saw camp fire traces when we crossed Ash Creek too."

"That's right. And Horace Black found an Indian moccasin. It's certain that they have been in this country lately."

"Sam, weren't you frightened the night that the mules ran off with us?"

"Yes, Danny, to tell the truth I was. I wasn't afraid of Indians then. I didn't even know that we were in Indian country and I didn't suppose that they could find me in the dark." Sam laughed heartily at his mistaken notions. "I was afraid though, that I was far

off the trail and that the caravan would never find us."

"Weren't we lucky that those mules made for Pawnee Rock, instead of away off some place on the prairies?"

"I should say we were. By the way, I heard Mr. Riley and Mr. Stanley saying that if we were lucky, we would reach the Arkansas River today."

"Did you? I thought that Mr. Riley seemed just a little worried about something or other."

"Catch up! Catch up!" came the call from the wagon train.

"Come on, boys. Are you ready?" asked Mr. Riley as he came up to their wagon.

"Yes, sir," replied Sam, "we are just finishing harnessing the mules."

"This is going to be a big day. I think we shall cross the Arkansas River before sundown," announced Mr. Riley.

"That will be great. We are making good time, aren't we?" asked Sam when he and Danny had climbed upon the high wagon seat.

"What is Mother doing?" inquired Danny.

"Well, sonny, I think that she is mending.

You had better jump into the wagon and see."

"All right," replied Danny and jumped back into the wagon.

"Sam, my boy, we may have a hard day," said Mr. Riley in a low tone as soon as Danny had disappeared.

"How so, sir?" asked Sam anxiously.

"Timm and Stanley have been reconnoitering with Black and they think that the Arkansas River will be out of its banks."

"What can we do, sir?"

"We're not certain yet. The first time that I made this trip, the river was high and treacherous, but we made the crossing in good shape. It's a dangerous stream at best, as it is full of quicksands at any time. I've seen mules up to their thighs in the sands. You know that we've had several hard rains of late and Black reports that there have been bad storms ahead of us. Just look at this vegetation around us. See how green and luxuriant it is."

"Yes, sir."

"Usually by this time of the year, it is dry and burned off. That shows that there has been a powerful lot of rain out here this spring."

"How soon do you think we'll reach the river today, Mr. Riley?"

"Stanley says that we ought to make it about three or four o'clock this afternoon. We want to pitch camp on the other side if we can and avoid the risk of any more rain tonight. After we cross the river, we start into the desert and the next fifty miles is the hardest part of the journey. The route is all sand with not a wagon track to guide us."

"How will we get across it, Mr. Riley?"

"We shall have to depend almost entirely upon the compass and the stars. I'm forgetting though, my boy; here I'm talking to you about these dangers, just as I would talk to Timm or Black. You're only a lad, after all."

"Sir, I am glad to have you talk to me about the dangers. Besides, thirteen years is almost a man, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sam, my boy, thirteen years old in this Indian country is almost a man. You have a more level head on your shoulders than many of these traders."

"Thank you, sir. I'll try to deserve your confidence."

"Not a word of this danger to your mother or to Danny. They must not worry about the

river. Don't you worry either, Sam. Old Henry has made two trips to Santa Fé and he will make the third. Never fear."

"All right, sir," promised Sam. He couldn't keep from wondering just how they would cross the turbulent river however, or what might be in store for the caravan train, with the increasing signs of Indians and the threatening high waters.

The caravan was in high spirits and most of the men were singing. Only a few of them knew that there would be any danger in crossing the Arkansas, and these were wisely holding their own counsel. Almost all day the trail had been ascending a broad plateau, about three o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the crest and started on the long descent. Two horsemen were seen at some distance galloping toward them. As they drew nearer, Mr. Riley could see that they were the scouts, Timm and Stanley, who were returning to the wagon train. The river could not be far away.

"What news, boys?" asked Mr. Riley.

"The river is on a rampage, sir. It is far out of its banks. It looks like a dangerous crossing."

"How far are we from the river, Timm?"

"About four miles or less, sir."

"What do you suggest doing?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Stanley. "We left Black to find the best crossing. We shall have to swim for it, that's certain."

"How about camping on this side of the river and waiting until morning, boys? Perhaps the river will have receded a little by that time."

"I shouldn't advise that, Mr. Riley," answered Stanley. "It looks and smells as if we would get more rain. In that case, there is no telling how long it will be before we can make the crossing."

"Well said, Stanley. You choose some men to go with you, then go back to help Black stake a crossing for the wagons. Mind that you choose good swimmers."

"Very well, sir."

Timm and Stanley rode down the length of the caravan train, calling out to a man now and then along the way. Soon they had a dozen horsemen assembled with whom they hurried away toward the river.

"That means that there will be danger, doesn't it, Mr. Riley?" asked Sam quietly.

"Yes, Sam, my boy, I am afraid that it does. Timm and the others are good scouts though, and they'll have a way thought out by the time we arrive. I would have gone with them, but I did not want to get the wagon train unduly excited. We'll make a better crossing, if everyone keeps his head."

In a short time, they could hear the rushing of the river.

"That's a queer thing, Sam," began Mr. Riley, "ordinarily the Arkansas is a quiet, unpretentious, sluggish old river, but when these spring freshets start in the mountains, it becomes a regular torrent. Just listen to that water."

Others in the caravan train heard the rushing water and a general uneasiness was evident throughout the entire company. Finally after some anxious minutes, they could make out the surging waters in the distance. When all of the men could see the river quite plainly, Mr. Riley ordered the wagon train to stop.

"The river! The river!" cried several.

"Gone wild!" shrieked others.

"There are no banks," cried a frightened new trader.

Mr. Riley blew a shrill blast on his whistle for silence.

"Members of this caravan," he began, "please compose yourselves so that I can explain to you the method of crossing this turbulent river."

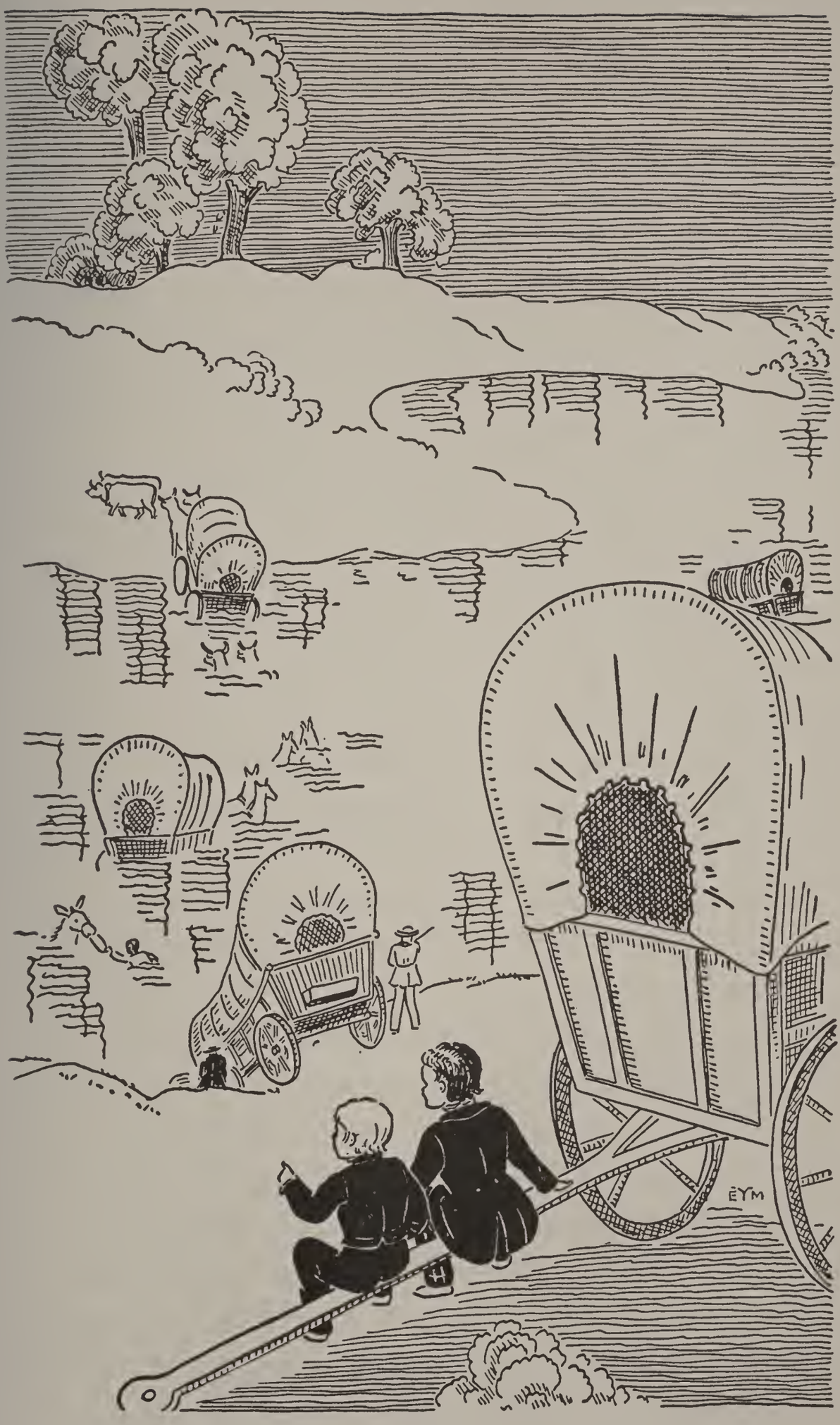
The men stopped their muttering to listen.

"The crossing will be difficult, for the river is dangerous. But we shall make it in safety if every man will do his duty unhesitatingly. Our lieutenants have staked out a crossing, as you will notice if you will look on either bank. They tell me that we shall have to swim the animals, but that will not be a difficult feat.

"Now we must have some buffalo boats constructed. Please get out your buffalo hides, if you have any. We shall stretch these hides over empty wagon beds, thereby making boats which will carry the people safely across the river. The remaining wagons will have to be driven over with double teams. Every man who can swim well will please step forward."

Several men stepped out from the caravan.

"You men can help get the animals across. Follow the course which the lieutenants point



The first wagons reached the other side

out to you so that you may avoid the quicksands. Every man to his task!"

The men set to work with a will. Some of them began stretching buffalo hides over the empty wagon beds; others were doubling the teams so that they could pull the cargo across the river.

"Here, Sam," called Mr. Riley, "you and Danny come over here. You can both help to even up the cargo on these wagons. Each wagon will have to be weighted as evenly as possible, so that the animals can get across without mishap."

"Very well, sir," replied the boys.

The boys worked valiantly, carrying boxes from one wagon to another until at last Mr. Riley said that they were ready to start through the ford. Lieutenant Black led the way, plunging his black horse into the surging waters. The oxen were started immediately after him, because they forded streams much better than the mules, which often became excited by the swirling waters. The first six wagons reached the other side in safety. These were followed by a load of traders on the buffalo boats. Then Lieutenant Stanley started across, leading the mules.

"Watch those mules," warned Mr. Riley.

"Look, Sam," cried Danny, "look at that mule in front! It seems to be frightened, doesn't it?"

Danny had scarcely spoken when the mule, frightened by the rushing water all about, floundered, slipped, dragged its harness off and stopped in mid-stream.

"What can they do?" cried Danny.

"I don't know. Watch and see," replied Sam, as he pressed forward to see what was going to happen.

Several of the expert swimmers started toward the mule. The man who reached it first, grasped the bit and began to tug fiercely at the mule. This only served to frighten it the more.

"Wait a minute," called one of the men who was swimming as fast as he could. "Don't pull the bit so hard. Ease up on it." When he reached the mule, he began to talk to it, petting it reassuringly all the while.

"Catch the other side," he said to the man who was tugging at the mule. "Then we can pull together."

The two of them, talking to the mule and pulling gently on the bit at the same time,

swam at its side and coaxed it across the river.

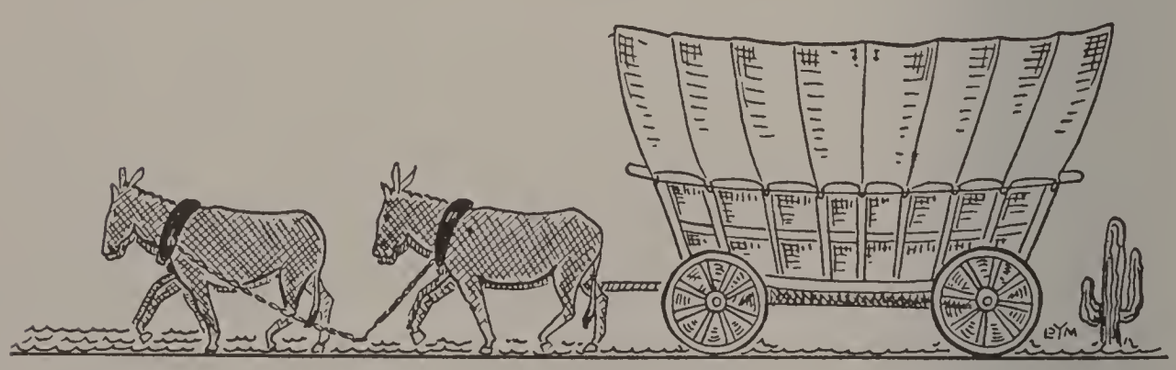
Several other mules had to be pulled out at the same spot, but all of the oxen crossed without any trouble.

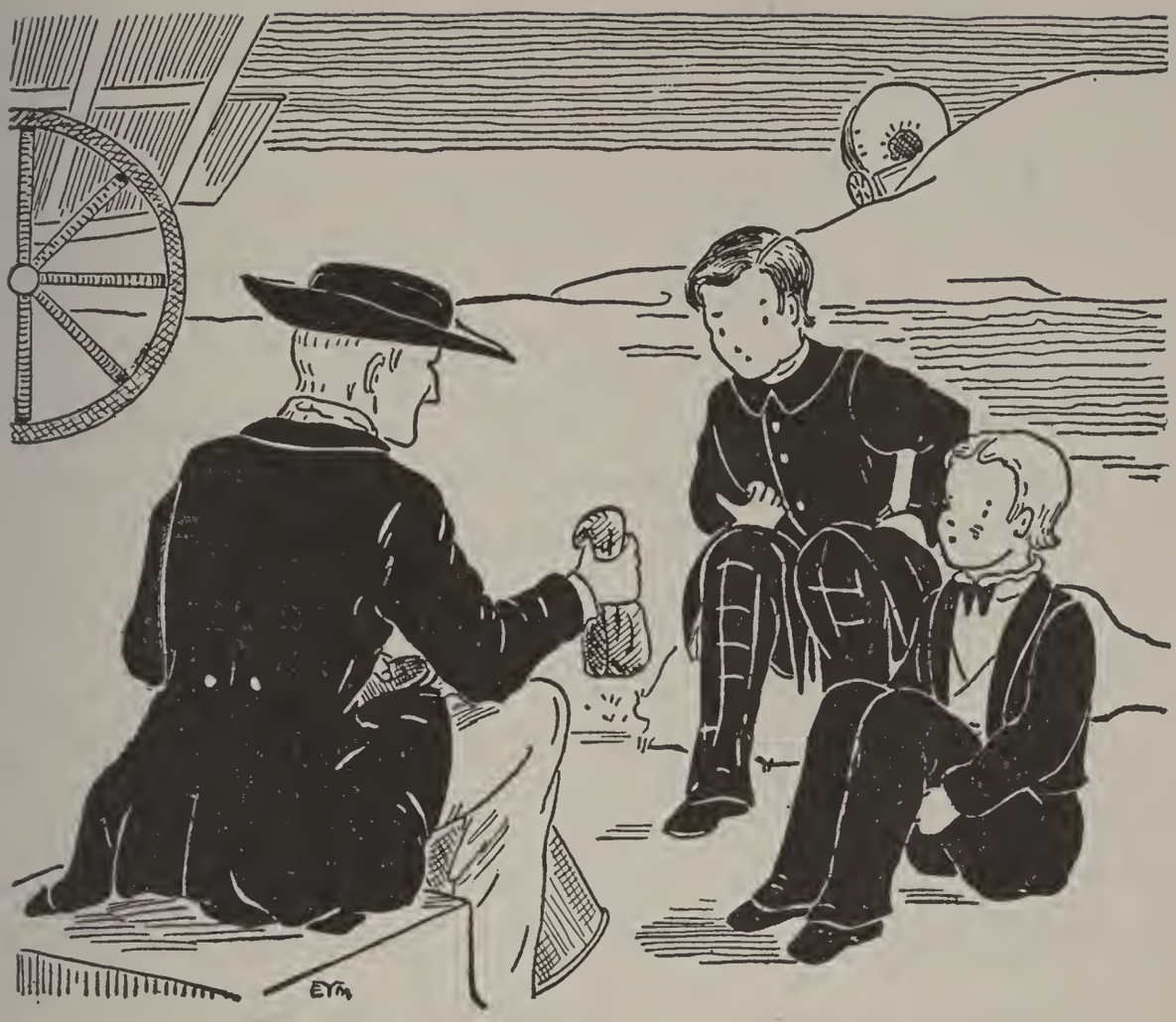
"Now, boys," Mr. Riley said, as he turned to Sam and Danny. "It is time for us to cross. Climb aboard this last buffalo boat."

The two boys obeyed with alacrity, sitting in the very front. What fun it was, crossing the Arkansas in such a queer boat!

"It's really very comfortable," marvelled Danny, "I'm not at all afraid. Are you, Sam?"

"Why, of course not," replied Sam.





V

CACHES AND WATER KEGS

The next morning, Sam and Danny decided to go on a private expedition of their own before the caravan should entrain. They slipped away from the camp and walked along the river bank for several miles.

"Now, Danny, you see it's along this river

that the caches are supposed to be," explained Sam, while he searched the ground on either side of him.

"What caches, Sam?"

"Don't you remember the caches, Danny? They were the hiding places that Mr. Riley told us about."

"Oh! Do you mean those places where the traders sometimes hid their valuables?"

"Of course. He said that when they were afraid of being captured by the Indians or had to deposit some of their cargo in order to make better progress, they made a cache in the ground to contain their valuables."

"Yes, but I thought he said that after they had dug the hole and secreted their treasure, they always made campfires over the spot, so that the Indians could not find the caches."

"Not always. He said they often made them in the island of the Arkansas and that the mossy pits there are the remnants of the secret caches. We can't see them today though, for the river is too high for us to get over to the island. He also said that sometimes they were made a little distance away from the river bank, so that when the river rose, it could not reach them."

"Oh, I see. Do you think that we'll find a cache this morning?"

"I should like to find one, but we probably won't. Still we can look around a little."

The boys went close to the water's edge and began peering along the ground for an old cache. They walked quite a distance, possibly three-quarters of a mile, but were not rewarded with anything which even resembled a secret hiding place.

"I think we had better turn back," said Sam. "It is getting late, almost time for the caravan to entrain. It is a long way back to our camp."

"Mr. Riley wouldn't go without us, I'm sure," said Danny.

"No, I suppose he wouldn't, but I don't want to keep him waiting either."

"I wish that we could have found just one little cache and had something to take back to Mr. Riley."

"I do too, Danny, but we haven't and we've no time to look further." Sam turned around resolutely and began to walk rapidly in the direction from which they had come.

Danny looked longingly up the river, for he did want to find something exciting, but

turned and followed his brother. They walked along for quite some time in silence, for each was disappointed. When they came in sight of the caravan, they could see by the bustle around it that the men were getting ready to begin their long journey across the dangerous desert, which lay between the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers.

"Hurry, Danny," called Sam and started to run toward the caravan. Danny started to run too, but tripped over an old log and twisted his ankle. "Oh, Sam, wait," he cried.

Sam turned. "What's the matter, Danny?"

"I stubbed my toe and fell over that log. I think I've twisted my ankle a little, but I'm all right."

Sam bent over his brother. "Let's see it." The ankle was swelling rapidly. "Here, let me rub it a little."

Danny sat up and tried not to show that his ankle hurt him dreadfully. Sam put his knee against Danny's ankle and as he did so, his knee went deep into the soft ground. He pulled it out and to his surprise found a deep hole where his knee had been.

"Look, Danny," exclaimed Sam, partly in surprise and partly in an endeavor to take

"Dig, brother, dig," urged Danny

Danny's attention from his aching ankle. "See what a queer hole my knee made!"

"Oh, Sam, perhaps it is a cache."

"More like a rabbit hole," laughed Sam, but he began to clear off the top of the hole. He dug a little of the dirt away and to his amazement, found that it was a large hole inside and that it was lined with sticks. "Danny!" he cried in great excitement, "Danny, you have found one. I do believe that this is a real cache. See, it is lined with sticks."

"Dig, brother, dig," urged Danny, trying to rise, but falling back again with a cry of pain.

Sam set to work in earnest, digging away the dirt. The hole within was quite large and shaped like a jug. It was well lined throughout with sticks. Sam put his hand down into the hole and felt all around in it. His hand struck something hard. He pulled and tugged and finally loosened it. He pulled it up to the light from its secret hiding place. It proved to be an old can, which resembled the very small water cans of the traders.

"Open it. Open it," shrieked Danny.

Sam tried and tried, but was unable to pry

off the lid. "Come on, Danny. Let's take it to Mr. Riley and he will open it for us. Just to think after we had given up hope of finding anything that we should find this cache. I'm sorry about your ankle, but it was almost worth the twisting to find this, wasn't it? Come on. I'll help you."

Danny struggled bravely to his feet and aided by his brother, was able to limp back to the caravan.

"Where have you boys been?" inquired Mr. Riley rather severely. "Don't you know that you have kept the entire caravan waiting?"

"I'm sorry, sir," replied Sam. "I know that we are late, but please, Mr. Riley, we couldn't walk any faster, because Danny has sprained his ankle."

"Sprained his ankle?" Mr. Riley glanced at it. "What were you boys doing away from camp anyway this morning?"

"Please, sir, we were hunting a cache and we found one, too. That's how we found it, Danny's spraining his ankle, I mean."

Sam exhibited the old water can proudly and then told the whole story of their trip along the river bank. Mr. Riley smiled at Sam's recital and took the can in his hands;

after working at it for some time he succeeded in opening it. He looked inside and saw a small black leather bag, much worn, which felt heavy when he drew it out of the can.

"This looks as if it contains money." He opened the bag and pulled out a crumpled, folded paper and a handful of gold coins. He handed the money to Sam and unfolded the yellowing paper. He smoothed it out and saw that it was covered with very fine, uncertain writing.

"See, son, if you can make this out," he said as he handed the paper to Sam.

"Danny, you hold the money," said Sam as he tried to decipher the faded writing. At last he cried, "I believe I have it." He read aloud very slowly.

I can go no further. I have lost my way and my provisions are gone. I have been dogged by prairie wolves or Indians and I fear that I am going mad. If anyone finds this, please take the money to my mother, who is waiting for me in St. Louis. It is all that I have gained from my trip to Santa Fé.

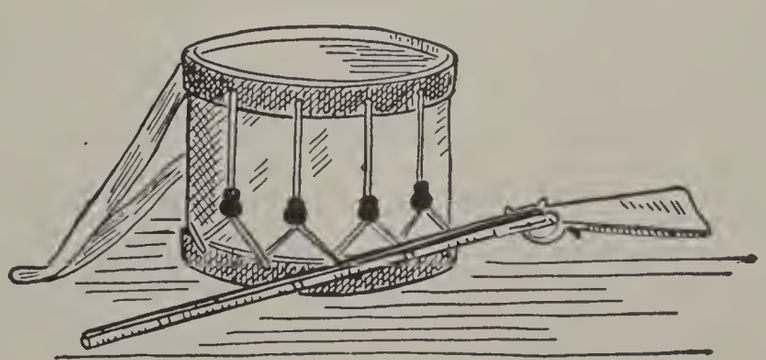
Signed,
Thomas Hawley.

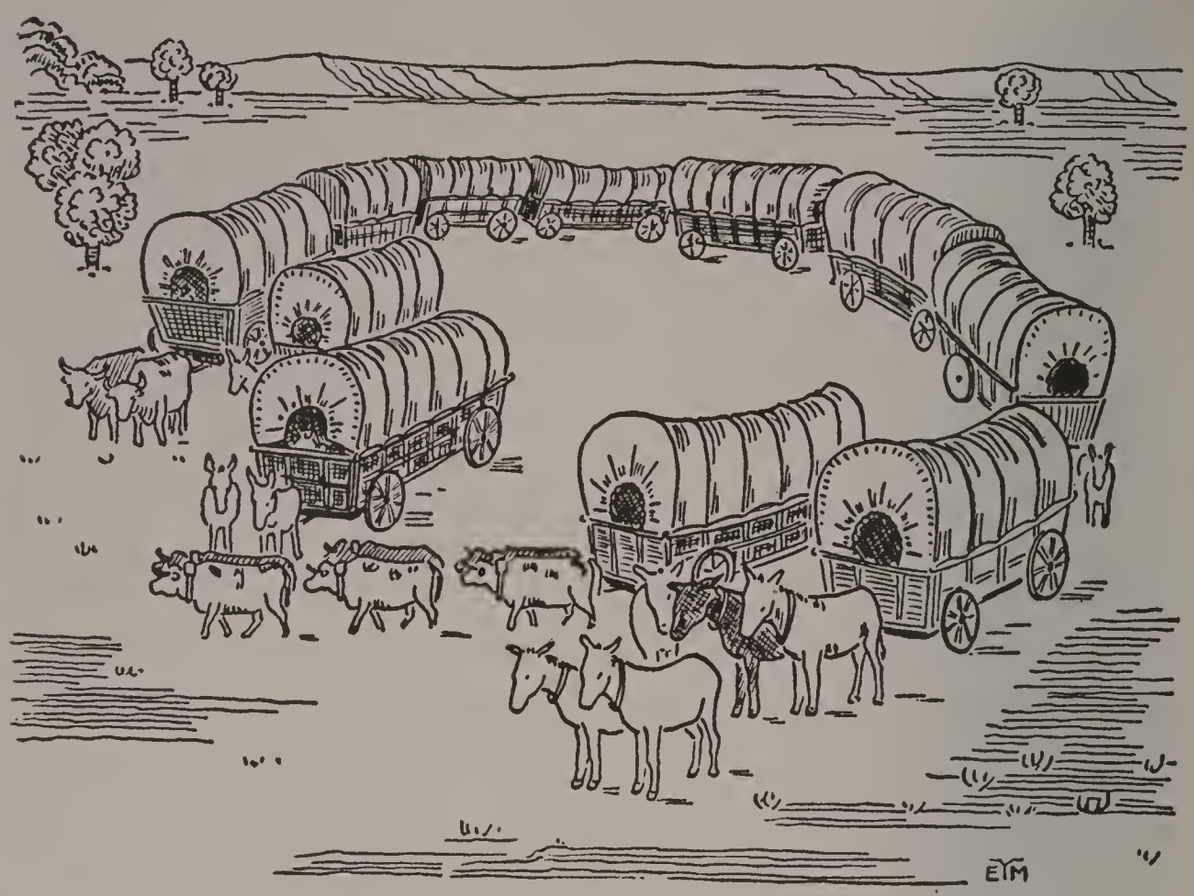
"Why! He is one of the men who went out on the trail the spring before I started!" said Mr. Riley. "I wonder what happened to the rest of his outfit."

"We must get the money back to his mother, Mr. Riley," said Sam immediately, "but how can we do it?"

"We can send it back by the fall return trip," replied Mr. Riley. "Well, boys, I'll excuse you for keeping the men waiting this time. But you haven't filled up your water kegs. Each man must fill a five gallon keg, you know. It will have to last us across this desert, unless we strike some springs before we reach Willow Bar. I'll excuse you, Danny, for you had better keep off that ankle. We've a hard trek for the next fifty miles you know, so we shall need all the water that we can carry."

"Yes, sir," smiled Sam, as he seized an empty water keg.





VI

WITH FIFE AND DRUM

"All's set," called Mr. Riley from his high seat on the wagon at the head of the caravan.

"All's set," came the echo from all of the teamsters in the caravan train.

"Fall in," ordered Mr. Riley. Immediately the wagons began to string out across the plain.

"Mr. Riley, this trip is just wonderful. I know that we could never have made it in that light wagon which we brought to Independence. Even had we been able to cross the Arkansas River, we would probably have met a fate similar to Thomas Hawley," said Sam as he gazed admiringly at the big man on the wagon seat beside him.

"It would have been a hard trip for you boys to make. It has meant much to me to have you with me. I really don't know what this caravan would have done without its fife and drum corps," replied Mr. Riley as he patted Danny on the shoulder.

"If it hadn't been for you, Mr. Riley, I wouldn't have my old drum with me, for Mother was going to have me sell it in Independence. She thought it would take up too much room in the wagon," explained Danny.

"Why, Danny, you and Sam have buoyed up the spirits of the men all along the route. Didn't you notice how much they enjoyed the music the other night? It takes music, my lads, to keep up the morale of any body of men."

The man and the two boys drove along for a time in silence. Suddenly Mr. Riley turned

to Sam. "Would you like to drive the teams this morning? I have some work to do inside the wagon."

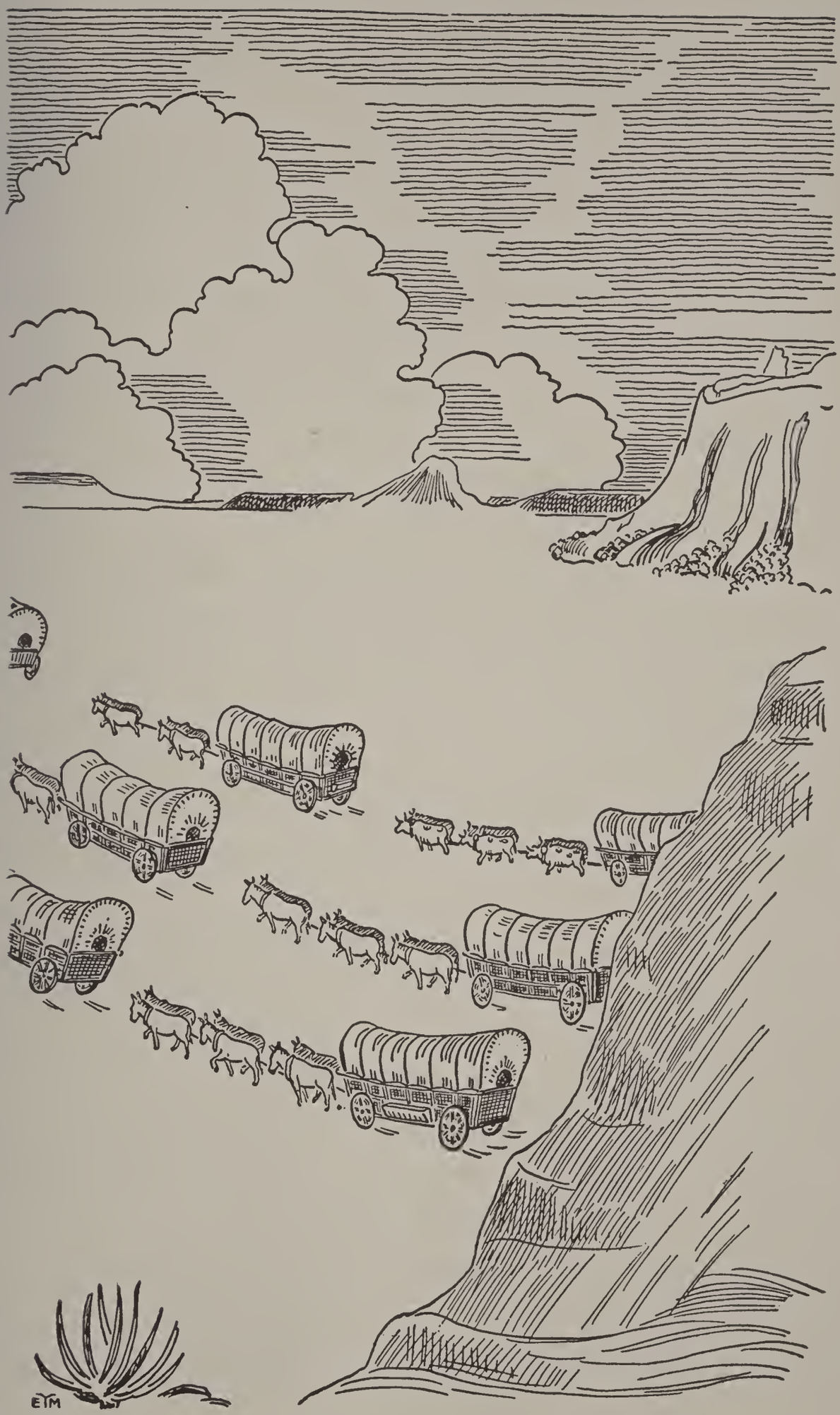
Sam's face beamed with anticipation. "Mr. Riley! I'd love to drive, that is, if you think that I can do it all right."

"I know that you can manage them as well as I. Here, take the reins and let the mules set their own pace." He handed the reins to Sam and climbed back into the wagon. "Danny," he called, "you keep your weather eye on the horizon for anything that may look interesting."

Sam handed his fife to Danny. "See what you can do with the old fife, while I manage these teams. I'm the leader of over a hundred men, you know."

Danny began to play merrily on the fife. He played several tunes that the men liked particularly and soon the riders were taking up the melody. The entire train was whistling *The Girl I Left Behind Me.*

All of the men were happy and spirited this morning, happy to have crossed the Arkansas in safety. Another week would see them in old Santa Fé, if no trouble intervened. It was the thirteenth of June and the day prom-



The mules were starting down the river valley

ised to be very hot. The mules were just starting down the broad river valley when Danny stopped playing to look over the landscape and reconnoiter. To the left he thought he saw something moving.

"Sam, look over there. Do you see anything?"

"Where, Danny?"

"See, away over to the left."

"No, I don't see anything. Maybe it's a mirage. You know we'll soon be getting into the mountains and Mr. Riley said perhaps we would see a mirage when the air grew lighter."

"Humph! Well, maybe." Danny subsided, but he kept his gaze fixed on the horizon far off to the left.

Sam was forced to give his attention to the mules, for it was no child's play to drive four pairs of mules down this steep grade. In a little while Danny nudged Sam.

"Sam, look over there. I tell you that is no mirage. It is something moving. Do you suppose—could it be Indians?"

Something of the suppressed excitement in Danny's voice was carried to Sam and he scanned the horizon again. To his horror, he,

too, was sure that he saw something moving over the ridge.

"Danny, you're right, there *is* something moving there. Call Mr. Riley."

Danny climbed down from his high seat and back into the wagon. "Mr. Riley. Oh, Mr. Riley," he called, "come here quickly."

"What is the matter, Danny?" Mr. Riley thrust his head out to look at the mules. "Have the animals become unruly?"

"No, sir, but I saw something moving over the top of the hill. I want you to come and see it."

Mr. Riley hurried up to the wagon seat and trained his field glasses on the moving object. "You are right, boys. You did see something moving. It is a band of Indians. Stop the mules, we shall form here and wait." He leaned over the side and called to one of the horsemen who was riding by his wagon. "Pass the word back to the men that Indians have been sighted off to the left. Tell them to form in a circle."

The man raced back along the caravan train and spread the news to each teamster. Immediately there was pandemonium everywhere. The wagons formed on the hillside,

but like all caravan traders, the men were not prepared for this emergency.

"Sit here, boys, and manage the mules until I come back or call you," said Mr. Riley as he swung to the ground from the wagon seat.

The men began rushing hither and thither. Meanwhile the Indians were appearing in great hordes over the ridge.

"My gun is wet," cried one man.

"Powder! My powder horn!" cried another.

"Flints! Where are some flints?"

The men were running back and forth accomplishing nothing. A few of the backwoodsmen dropped to their knees and were ready to fire upon the advance guard of Indians.

"Wait a minute, men," called Mr. Riley. "They haven't shown any sign of hostility yet. Don't be the first to start a battle."

A few of the traders joined Mr. Riley in advising the men to wait. Some of the older Indians seemed to be counseling prudence also.

"Sam, I'm afraid. What can we do away up here and Mother down inside the wagon?"

Sam was just a little frightened himself,

but the sight of his younger brother's quivering lip made him assume a courage which he did not feel. "We must stay up here until Mr. Riley calls us. If I leave these mules they may break and run away. And your ankle still bothers you when you walk. Just sit here by me and pray for some way to be shown for us to be of help to Mr. Riley. Mother is safer in the wagon than anywhere else. We have to be brave, you know."

Meanwhile the Indians had collected in great numbers around the caravan. Something had to be done and quickly, too, so that the train could resume its march or move into a more advantageous position. Suddenly Mr. Riley seemed to have an inspiration. Quick of thought and deed, he cried out, "Fall in. Company, attention!"

The men were so surprised that no one questioned his order. The entire company drew up in battle line. The women of the caravan seized the reins of the teams and the battle line was drawn up in front of the caravan train.

"My fife and drum corps! Sam and Danny Harrison, to the front!"

As soon as Sam heard his name, he dropped

the reins, seized his fife and jumped down from the wagon. He ran over to Mr. Riley, who was standing in front of the line. Danny followed as quickly as he could, but he had to drag his drum out of the wagon and limp to the front of the line.

"Boys, this is the bravest thing that I have ever asked you to do," began Mr. Riley. His eyes were kindly but his smile was very grave. "I want you lads to smile and play *Yankee Doodle* as you lead this battle line toward the Indians. Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir," cried the boys, the color mounting in their cheeks, as they set their instruments in position.

"All right," cried Mr. Riley, when he saw that the boys were going to be equal to their great task. "Forward march, men!"

There at the head of that battle line, marched Sam and Danny Harrison, unarmed, merrily playing *Yankee Doodle* as they marched toward that main group of Indians. Some of the most stout-hearted backwoodsmen were afraid, but they were put to shame by these two boys who were marching so boldly and yet so merrily to their possible death.

A change came over the Indian hordes. They stopped perfectly still when they heard the music. They seemed to be delighted with the parade and entranced with the music. Some of them dropped their bows and grunted in approval. Most of them seemed to consider this movement as a complimentary salute, rather than a sign of hostility.

Suddenly the old Indian chief stepped out in front of his tribe and came boldly forward, dressed in a long coat of coarse, red cloth.

When Mr. Riley saw these overtures of peace, he called to his men, "Company, halt!" He looked down at the boys who were playing so valiantly. "Play on, boys," he said. "You seem to have charmed him."

Mr. Riley walked out to meet the old chief, who greeted him with a grunt of approval, motioning him to sit down. Then he turned and made signs to Sam and Danny to come nearer.

Half in fear and half in wonder, the boys obeyed and marched up to the chief. The Indian sat down and motioned them to sit one on each side of him. Then he began the ceremony of smoking the pipe of peace. While this was going on, the pioneers ex-

changed trinkets with the Indians. Soon the old chief made signs to the boys to play again.

"Danny boy, play your best," whispered Sam, as he picked his fife up from the ground.

And how they played! Every piece they knew and some of them twice over before they satisfied the chief. Finally when Sam was quite breathless, the old Indian examined their instruments, tried to play on them, grunted and motioned to one of his braves. The Indian came forward, carrying two beautiful strings of wampum. These the chief hung around the boys' necks, uttering satisfied grunts as he did so.

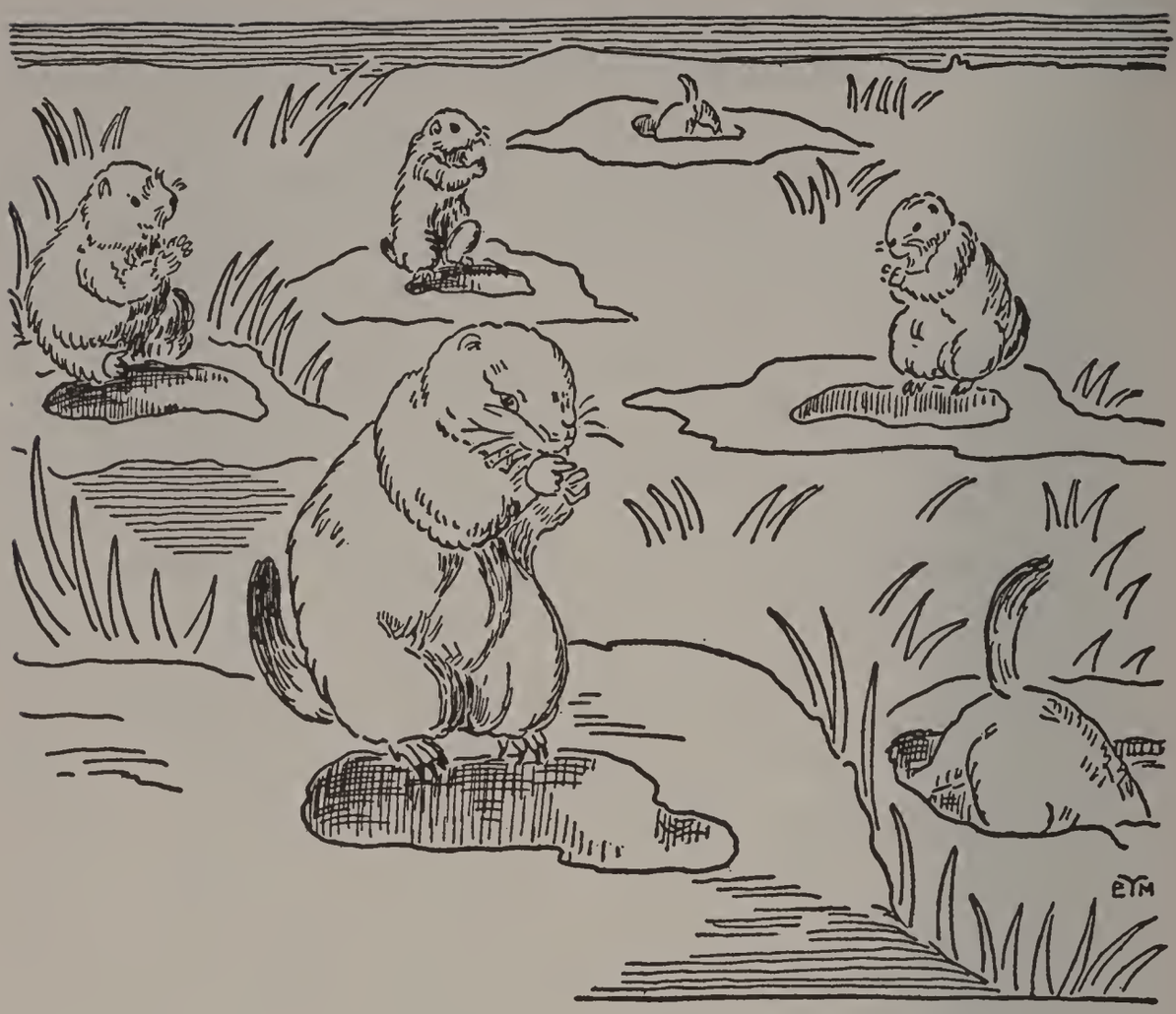
After the exchange of gifts, the Indians moved on and camp was pitched for the night. Two tired, but happy boys went to sleep to dream of an Indian chief who played a fife and drum.

When he saw that all was well with the caravan train, Mr. Riley went to talk to Mrs. Harrison of the heroism of her boys.

"Mrs. Harrison," he said, "I believe that your boys deserve all of the credit for our favorable encounter with that band of In-

dians. They were brave, so brave indeed, that their music won the heart of the great Indian chief, and the rest of the tribe had to accede to his will. It just goes to show that all battles are not won with firearms, but may often be won by strategy. You cannot know how much I appreciate and depend upon my fife and drum corps."

"To think that I did not want Danny to bring his drum," replied Mrs. Harrison with tears in her eyes.



VII

WILLOW BAR

For many days, Sam and Danny were hailed by the entire caravan as the heroes of the fortunate encounter with the Indians. Every man in the outfit had to examine the strings of wampum which both boys wore so proudly around their necks. The caravan advanced very carefully however, and in-

creased its night watches twofold, fearing that a second meeting with the savages might be disastrous. For several nights, the guards thought that they saw skulking forms near the camp.

Nor were the guards the only ones who thought they saw Indians. Every trader realized that this was a dangerous country, for it was here that two of the caravans had been raided the preceding year. The men were anxious not only about their own scalps, but they were determined to keep their animals from being stolen by some thieving Indians.

This arid desert was the favorite haunt of the dreaded Comanches and the fierce Kiowas. The very word "Comanche" was enough to strike terror in the hearts of the more timid travelers.

The lieutenants kept well ahead of the caravan train to look for traces of the dreaded marauders. Now more than at any time since the successful encounter with the Indians, the caravan train needed its fife and drum corps. Nerves were on edge and men were weary. When their courage seemed almost gone, Sam and Danny would break

forth in a rollicking tune with their instruments. Men whose spirits were downcast would find themselves whistling the tune of Sam's merry fife.

It was a beautiful day, but very hot in the Cimarron Valley. The traders had not gone far when those in the front line saw Timm and Black, who were riding a little in advance, halt and train their glasses on something ahead. Terror clutched at the hearts in the front ranks, but Mr. Riley plodded on toward the men. After a little he reached the lieutenants.

"What is it, Timm?"

"Can't make it out, Riley. There is something alive down there, but I can't tell what it is," replied Timm as he handed the glasses to Mr. Riley.

Mr. Riley gazed long and earnestly in the distance at the moving objects. Finally he chuckled, then laughed outright. "Well, boys, it isn't an Indian this time. That is a prairie dog town, down there. I've seen them before in these parts. We can advance in safety, for they will disappear before we reach them."

The lieutenants looked relieved and the

wagons continued to advance slowly and carefully. Mr. Riley turned to the boys with a smile.

"Boys, I want you to watch that prairie dog town. Can you see the dogs?"

"Yes, sir. I can see something moving," replied Sam.

"In a few minutes you will be able to see them plainly for they are not aware of us. When they do get our scent they will disappear in a hurry. If you will notice, the burrows are built in a circle surrounding the burrow of the leader or head dog, which sits in the center and governs the other dogs by his ferocious barking. Do you hear him?"

The boys listened intently. "Yes, I can hear him," said Danny.

"I can see the other dogs now," cried Sam in excitement.

The boys watched the dogs, saw them suddenly get the scent of the caravan train and dive into their holes. When the traders reached the dog town, there was not a dog to be seen, but they could feel that they were being watched on every hand by keen anxious eyes. After the men had passed this strange town safely their spirits seemed to

soar in relief. They laughed, sang, and told jokes for the rest of the day.

Just after sundown, they reached Willow Bar, one of the few springs in the Cimarron Desert. Here the men were refreshed by the clear, fresh spring water which had its source in the Rocky Mountains. It seemed as if each man could not drink his fill, for they had had no fresh water since leaving the Arkansas River.

After supper the men, one and all, called upon Sam and Danny for a concert. The boys got out their instruments and began to play, soon the entire crowd of traders was singing.

Suddenly as the boys were playing their merriest, two Indian braves, dressed in all their feathers and hideous war paint, stepped into the circle in front of Sam, who stopped playing his fife and looked at them hopelessly. The men sat transfixed with the suddenness of their appearing. How had they evaded the guards? Were more of them hiding near the camp? The Indians made signs to Sam that they wanted his fife.

Very fearfully and very reluctantly, Sam handed his precious fife to one of them. The

The Indian jerked the wampum from the boy's neck

Indian looked at it a moment and then tried to play it, but he blew only a shrill deafening blast upon it. He tried it again but with no better success. He grunted in disgust and handed the fife to the other Indian who also tried to play it, but drew forth the shrill whistle again. He handed it back to Sam, making signs for him to show them the knack of playing it.

Sam was so frightened that he could scarcely breathe, but he mustered up his courage and managed to play a little lilting tune. The first Indian seized the fife again and made a second attempt to play it, but in vain. He had not mastered the trick of it. He threw the fife at Sam contemptuously and with a blood curdling cry leaped into the darkness. The other Indian leaned over toward Danny, stretched forth his painted arm and quickly jerked the precious string of wampum from the boy's neck. Then with an answering cry he leaped after his companion.

"My wampum string! My wampum!" shrieked Danny as soon as he realized what had happened.

At the same time, two guards from the

other side of the circle rushed up to Mr. Riley crying,

"Help! Indians are stealing our cattle!"

Immediately the caravan was in a panic. Camp had been pitched for the night and the animals had been carefully secured in the corral, but in some manner, the Indians had eluded the guards, crept past the wagon corral and were stealing the cattle. The men rushed madly about hunting their guns. When the first group reached the animals, there was not an Indian to be seen. No count of the cattle could be taken in the darkness.

As soon as Mr. Riley and the lieutenants could organize the men for action, they threw a line of men for defense around the entire wagon train. Each man peered anxiously out into the shadows, ready to fire upon the first moving form which he saw. And so they spent the long terrible night, waiting fearfully for their unseen enemies. It is needless to say that not an eye was closed through that exhausting vigil.

All through the night Sam and Danny stayed close by Mr. Riley's side. They were very much frightened but not more so than many of the men.

"Sam, would you have given your fife to that Indian if he had wanted to keep it?" whispered Danny as they sat by Mr. Riley.

"Of course, if it would have saved the caravan," replied Sam. "If he could have played it, I believe that he would have kept it."

"I thought that he was going to take my drum, but I didn't dream that he would snatch my wampum string," said Danny with a trace of a sob in his voice.

"They have drums, but I don't believe they had ever seen a fife before. Never mind about the wampum, Danny. You may share my string and wear it whenever you like. Perhaps that saved some of our scalps. Who knows?"

"Thank you, Sam. Say, do you suppose they could have appeared before us so that the other Indians could steal the animals while the men were interested in them?"

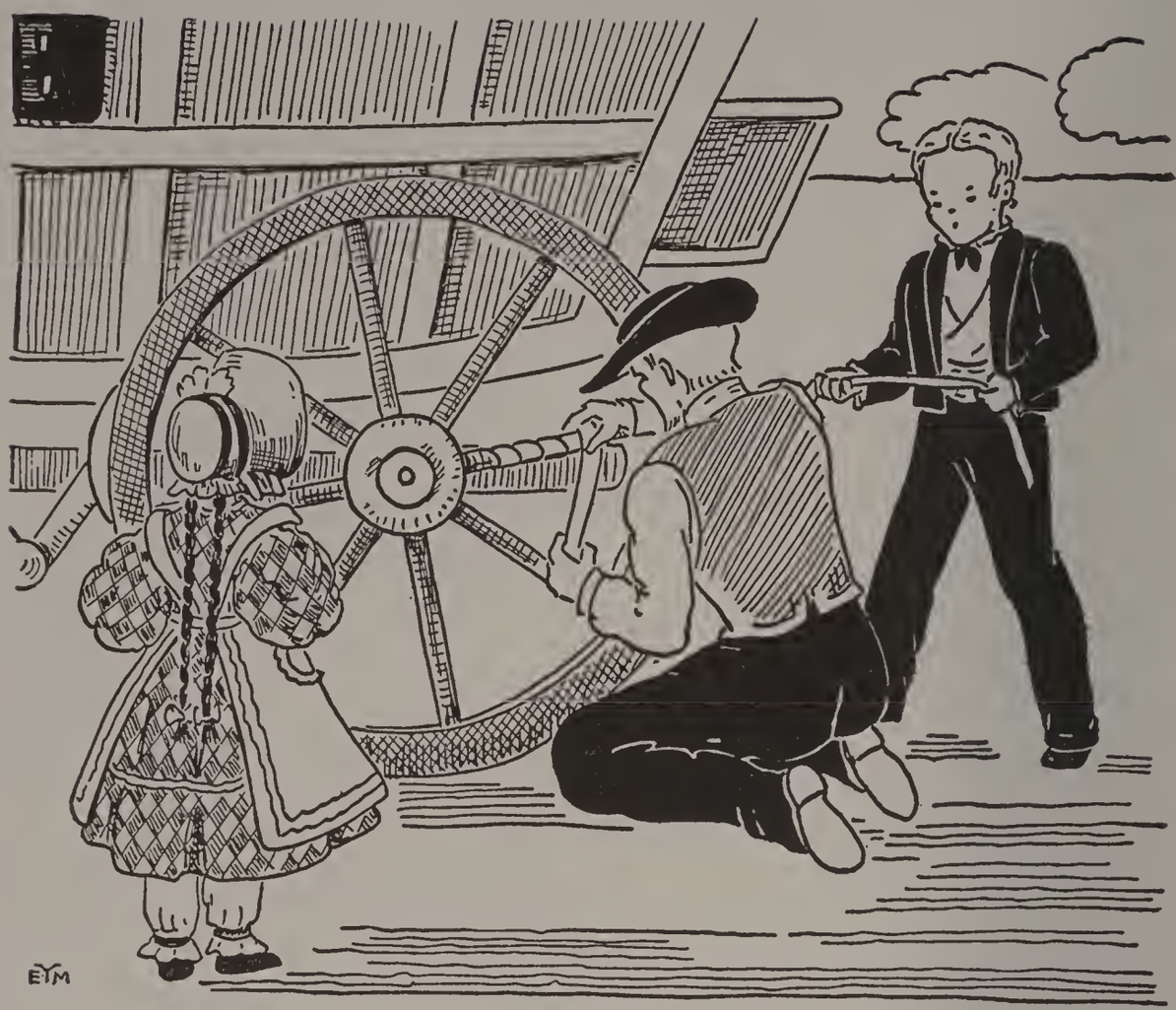
"I'm sure I don't know, brother. Look, Danny! The dawn is breaking over there in the East."

Indeed the dawn had come and the morning light soon filled the camp. The men gazed anxiously at the horizon but there was no trace of an Indian anywhere. Mr. Riley

sent several men to check up the missing animals. He dispatched others to search for Indians or for the lost cattle.

They soon returned however, without any sign of either Indians or animals. When the men were finished with the counting of the animals in the corral, it was discovered that the Indians had stolen five cows and two horses.

The men then went wearily to work to prepare for another hard day's journey.



VIII

CIBOLERO

As the caravan train dragged wearily over the unending desert, it was beginning to show signs of wear. The men were in low spirits, partly because of their vigil at Willow Bar, their increased anxiety for their

own safety, and their fear of an unseen enemy; partly because of the monotony and dryness of the country through which they were traveling; and particularly because of the scarcity of springs in the desert and fresh meat in their diet. They needed that strength which water and fresh meat alone can impart to the body, but they had had no meat since their buffalo chase so long ago. The animals too, showed signs of the strain of their journey. Their food was light also, since they had had no grazing ground for many miles and they were living on half rations of water. The wagons had warped wheels, loose spokes and worn tires, due to the roughness of the journey as well as the dryness of the atmosphere.

The men spent one whole day binding strips of buffalo hide about the warped wheels and driving wedges of thin hoop to hold the wheels together.

Several days after the encampment at Willow Bar, Sam and Danny were sitting on the wagon seat, taking turns driving the mules for Mr. Riley. Danny, who had been scanning the horizon earnestly, turned to his brother.

"Look, Sam, look out there. Isn't that a lake ahead of us?"

Sam looked in the direction toward which Danny pointed. "It does look like a lake, Danny."

"I'm so thirsty, Sam. Can't we hurry just a little?" Danny wet his parched lips in anticipation, for he had not had a drink of water since early morning.

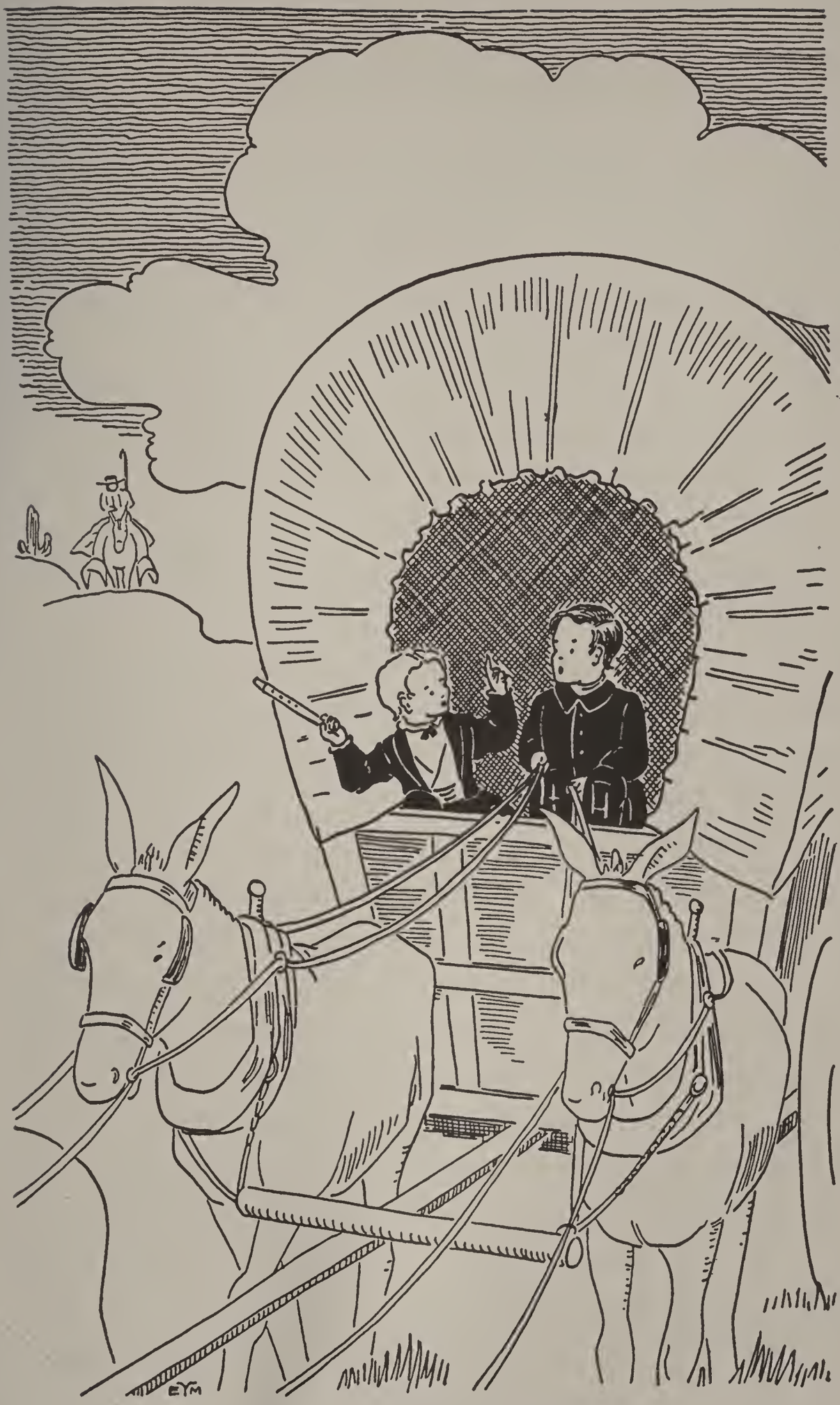
Sam gazed earnestly at the horizon. "It looks like a lake, Danny, but it can't be, for I don't believe there are any lakes in this desert."

"But it is," cried Danny. "Oh, do hurry, Sam."

Indeed to the thirsty boys, there did seem to be a beautiful lake just ahead of them, but even as they gazed, it passed from view.

"No use to hope for water, Danny. That's only a mirage. Don't you remember that Mr. Riley said travelers often thought they saw water in the desert, especially when they were very thirsty? Forget about it. You're not thirsty."

"But I am, Sam." Danny lapsed into silence but continued to look westward hopefully. After a little while he did see some-



"I see a rider out there"

thing of interest on the horizon. "Look, Sam!" he cried. "I see a rider out there."

Sam sniffed. "Probably another mirage." Even as he looked, there was indeed a horseman riding toward them.

"Mr. Riley! Mr. Riley! Quick, Danny, tell Mr. Riley that a horseman is coming toward us. I can't tell whether he is an Indian or not."

"All right." Danny jumped down into the wagon to get Mr. Riley.

Sam kept his gaze fixed on the approaching figure. It moved very slowly. Surely he could not be a hostile Indian or he would be coming at a faster pace.

"What is it, Sam, my boy?" asked Mr. Riley as he emerged from the wagon.

"A horseman, sir. Do you see him?"

The tall man glanced in the direction in which Sam was pointing. He looked long at the horseman while Sam and Danny waited impatiently. Finally he turned and said, "Boys, have no fear. This is luck indeed. He is not an Indian. He is a Mexican *cibolero.*"

"A *cibolero?* What's that?" cried both boys in the same breath.

"That's the Spanish word for 'buffalo

hunter.' *Ciboleros* are usually Mexican, I think. They wander over the plains hunting buffaloes. When they have killed several, they go back to their homes and prepare the meat. Then they go out to roam the desert with as much meat and hides as they can carry, hoping to meet traders to whom they can sell some meat."

Mr. Riley glanced at the *cibolero* again. He was very near to them now. "Just look at him, boys. See how he is decked out!"

The boys saw a strange figure indeed. He wore a short jacket and trousers of goatskin. Over his shoulder he bore a bow and quiver. Suspended beside him, in a gaily tasseled case, was a long lance whose top waved majestically above his head. He wore a broad flat hat, with a bright red ribbon hanging from it. His stirrup hooks swept the ground and his enormous saddle covered all of his pony. On either side and suspended from the saddle hung a huge sack.

"He looks more like a picture in a story book than a real man out here in the desert," said Sam.

"I do hope that he has some fresh meat. Sometimes they have only dried buffalo meat

to offer. Boys, we shall find out about the Santa Fé market from him," promised Mr. Riley.

As soon as the *cibolero* came near to the caravan, Mr. Riley took horse and rode out to meet him. They exchanged greetings and rode back to the main body of the caravan together. The men crowded around them eager to hear the news of Santa Fé and her Customs House.

"What does he say?" cried several of the men who were on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Pass the word back," called another.

"He says," explained one of the men, "that the governor of Santa Fé is charging exorbitant fees for wagon privileges. He is asking as much as five hundred dollars for a single wagon display."

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed Sam in amazement. "My stars, Danny, isn't that a great amount to pay to have one wagon load of goods exhibited?"

"It surely is. What will our men do?"

"I haven't any idea, but I am certain that the men won't turn back now. Mr. Riley will think up some plan. You can depend on that."

"Look, Sam. I do believe that the *cibolero* is leaving now."

Indeed the buffalo hunter, having disposed of all of his meat was taking leave of the caravan. He was loud in his thanks to the traders and in his good wishes for a fortunate market in Santa Fé.

As soon as he was out of sight, Mr. Riley called for a general conference of the caravan and delegated a few men to prepare the buffalo feast. The men assembled and seated themselves quietly on the ground, for every man was deeply concerned over the heavy customs charge, which the *cibolero* said the Spanish governor was extorting from the traders at Santa Fé.

"Men," began Mr. Riley, "as soon as we arrive at the Rabbit Ear Mounds, I believe that we had better dispatch our runners. What do some of the rest of you think about it?"

"Yes, yes, that is the thing to do," cried the traders who had made the trip before.

"What do the runners do?" asked one man who was making his first trip to Santa Fé.

"The runners," replied Mr. Riley, "are the fleetest men in the caravan. They start to

run, usually when the train is about two hundred miles from Santa Fé. Each outfit picks its best runner to go ahead of the caravan on foot, starting at night and stopping only for such rest as is absolutely necessary. Then when he arrives at Santa Fé, each man does some scouting to determine where the best market for his particular goods will be.

"Next he tries to win over the customs officials with a stipulated fee. I imagine that if our runners are careful we shall be able to get our duty fees down to no more than fifty dollars a wagon and possibly less than that."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted several of the men.

"If you plan to send runners, you had better get together now and choose one for each of your outfits. As soon as we reach the Rabbit Ear Mounds they can start. As soon as you have selected the scouts, we shall enjoy the buffalo meat which I believe the men have ready for us."

"Mr. Riley," asked Sam eagerly, "may I go as a runner for you?"

"You could, Sam, my boy," said Mr. Riley as he looked at Sam's anxious face, "you

could do it, but I am afraid a two-hundred-mile journey is pretty long for you yet. After you have been in this country a year or two you can do it easily. Thank you, son, for volunteering so readily. There are not many hearts in this company that are as stout as yours and Danny's. William Stanley will take care of the runner's job for our outfit."

A little after noon, when the runners had been selected and the men refreshed by the buffalo meat, Mr. Riley gave orders for the caravan to entrain, for all were anxious to come within sight of Rabbit Ear Mounds.

* *

Rabbit Ear Mounds were named for their similarity in shape to a rabbit's ear. They are on the boundary line between Oklahoma and New Mexico.

IX

SANTA FÉ

After the runners had departed for Santa Fé, the caravan train seemed to take a new lease on life, for there was an undercurrent of excitement and anticipation running the entire length of the train.

When the traders sighted the first adobe ranch at the foot of a cliff near Turkey

River, every man set up a deafening shout of joy, for all realized that they were approaching civilization again and that their long dangerous journey was almost over. Still farther on, they reached the first settlement, San Miguel del Vado, on the banks of the Pecos River. It was only a collection of a very few adobe huts, but to the weary, travel-worn traders, it was a veritable paradise.

The men spent most of their time in speculating about the runners and their success at Santa Fé. Sam and Danny continued to play their fife and drum each evening and the men continued to sing with them.

"Boys, your fife and drum have whiled away many dreary hours for this caravan train. It has been a godsend indeed, this fife and drum corps of mine. We have been on the road for fifty days and there has been scarcely a night that you two have not entertained everyone with your music. I wonder how I made my other trips without you," said Mr. Riley the night before they expected to reach Santa Fé.

"I'm glad, sir," replied Sam. "Well Danny and I know that we could not have made

the trip without your help. We like to play and I think the fife and drum have cheered us up a bit too. I thought that I was going to lose my fife that night at Willow Bar, when they took Danny's wampum string."

"And I was sure of it, Mr. Riley," put in Danny. "Since that night, whenever I start thinking of a possible Indian attack, I just beat this old drum all the harder and it helps me keep my courage at top notch."

"Splendid!" laughed Mr. Riley. "I am sorry about the loss of your wampum string, Danny, but perhaps we shall find something else in Santa Fé to take its place. After I dispose of my merchandise, we shall find some place to live, for I can never get along again without the Harrison boys. I intend to stay out in this country. I don't expect to return to Independence."

"That will be fine, Mr. Riley. Danny and I were wondering what we would do without you when you went back with the fall caravan. We expected to stay out here because of Mother. She is so well and strong now that I am sure this is the place for her to live."

"You're right, Sam. This is the place for

your mother. I believe she will be well and happy here. If we reach Santa Fé tomorrow, you boys must find a comfortable place for her. When you have her settled, you may help me to dispose of my goods."

"We'd like to help you. Where shall we take Mother?"

"There is a very good Spanish inn at the north side of the plaza, where she will be quite comfortable. Get her settled there and then search out my wagon and come to me."

"Very well, sir. We will find you at the square."

The next morning the caravan entrained for the last time. The men were whistling and singing as they rubbed up their harness and oiled the wagons. Each man tied a new cracker to his whip lash and made his teams look as respectable as possible. Everyone put on the best clothes which he had at hand and discarded his travel-worn ones in anticipation of the new outfit which he intended to buy with some of his profits.

About noon time, an old seasoned trader who was riding well toward the front of the caravan, cried out, "Santy Fee! There she is!"

There indeed lay the little city of Santa Fé, the goal of the caravan's seven weeks and more of travel. It consisted of a small, insignificant group of little houses, which resembled nothing else so much as brick kilns. A shout went up from every throat. The whips cracked merrily and the caravan bounded forward. Sooner than it takes to tell it, the joyful caravan found itself in old Santa Fé at last. The little, crooked, narrow streets were lined with people who were eager to welcome the caravan.

"*Bien venido! Los Americanos! Los Carros! La caravana ha llegado!*" The Spaniards were shouting at the top of their lungs.

"What are they saying, Mr. Riley?" asked Sam.

"They are shouting a welcome to us. They are saying that the caravan has arrived," explained Mr. Riley, his face wreathed with smiles.

The caravan proceeded down the narrow streets to the plaza or square where the Customs House was located and which served as the general market place. The square was also crowded with people. There were traders, Indians, prospectors, Mexicans, girls

The fandango was a very colorful affair

dressed in their *fiesta* (festival) garments, Spanish soldiers in their colorful uniforms, and finally the most welcome sight of all to the caravan, the runners who had left them at Rabbit Ear Mounds.

Each runner hurried up to his outfit to give the news of his success in the market place and customs office. Such a hubbub as ensued! Everyone seemed to be talking at once; the Spaniards were babbling in Spanish concerning the merchandise; the traders in English concerning the duty imposed on the wagons.

Finally an impressive looking committee from the governor came out to wait upon the caravan traders and order was brought out of the chaos. Each wagon was assigned to its place for display. The men began to arrange their wares for the trading. The brisk bargaining began.

Sam and Danny took their mother and such belongings as she needed to the Spanish inn on the opposite side of the plaza. Mrs. Harrison was glad to rest upon a real bed again and to have a roof over her head, but the two boys were eager to reach Mr. Riley's wagon.

By nightfall, the men had disposed of most

of their cargo and were ready to attend the grand fandango or *fiesta* which was being given at the inn, in honor of the arrival of the caravan from the East. The fandango was a very colorful affair. All of the Spanish girls in and about Santa Fé were dressed in their gaily colored *fiesta* clothes, while the Spanish men were garbed in brilliant costumes and their officers were in full dress uniform. Everyone came to watch the dancers and to join in the merrymaking. Even Mrs. Harrison came down from her room to watch the festivities.

"I can hardly believe that I'm alive," whispered Danny to Sam as he watched the brilliant spectacle.

"Pinch me, Danny," said Sam, "so that I'll know that I'm awake, for Pawnee Rock and Willow Bar seem just like bad dreams, compared to the joy and comfort here."

* *

Santa Fé is today one of the most picturesque towns in the United States. It is a city of 11,176 people. It has all the conveniences of the modern city and yet has something reminiscent of old Spain and a pioneer day.

The streets are still narrow and crooked and still crowded with many types of people, the Indian, the tourist, the artist, the Mexican, and the cowboy. A modern church rubs elbows with an ancient one. What is sometimes called the oldest house in America is still standing in Santa Fé. There are very wonderful Indian collections to be seen here of both modern and ancient Indian origin.

X

FROM A CEDAR THICKET

About two weeks after the arrival of the caravan at Santa Fé, Mr. Riley appeared one evening at the Spanish inn, where Sam, Danny, and their mother were living.

"Boys," called Mr. Riley, "would you like to go with me on a moonshining expedition this evening?"

"Moonshining, Mr. Riley? What's that?"

Mr. Riley laughed. "A cattle roping expedition, Sam."

"Yes, we'll go," put in Danny. "How soon do we start?"

"In a few minutes, my boy. Tell your mother that you are going with me and I'll explain it as we ride to Barber's ranch."

Danny rushed into the inn to tell his mother that they were going with Mr. Riley, and was back again in a jiffy.

Mr. Riley had found some horses for the boys to ride and they were on their way to Barber's ranch in a short time to join the rest of the men who were going on the expedition.

"Sam, this moonshining trip is the most important affair out here with the exception of the fall roundup. It is being held later this year than usual, because of the lateness of the season."

"Why do they call it moonshining, sir?" asked Danny eagerly.

"The men wait until it is full moonlight so that they can see to rope the cattle more easily. Roping outlaw cattle is a very different proposition from roping ranch cattle."

"Mr. Riley," put in Danny again, "what do

you mean by wild cattle? Where do they come from? They didn't have any of these trips last year, did they?"

"One question at a time, my boy," laughed Mr. Riley. "Yes, they have a trip every year. It is always held in the spring or early summer. The wild cattle originally came from Mexico. Every year a few cattle would stray away from the ranches and wander into the hills. These multiplied and constitute the herds we now call wild.

"In the springtime they move northward in search of fresh grazing ground. When the ranchmen know that the wild cattle are moving toward Big Spring, they get ready for them and each man tries to rope as many as possible, for his ranch."

"I do wish that we could rope one animal, Mr. Riley. Then we would have a beginning for the ranch which Mother is trying to buy."

"Perhaps you can, Sam. Who knows? You can try at least."

By this time they had arrived at Barber's Ranch, where a large number of horsemen was awaiting them. When all the crowd had assembled the leader gave the signal for departure. "Catch-up," came the cry. What a

mad rush ensued! Each horseman dashed forward as if he would be the first to encircle Big Spring. Sam and Danny galloped along the trail with Mr. Riley, each hoping to rope at least one of the wild cattle.

They rode through mesquite and sage brush for several miles. Soon they began to notice a few little cedar trees and they knew they were approaching Big Spring. When the trees became cedar thickets, the men slackened their pace and began to divide into little groups.

Big Spring, a small lake formed by several springs in the upper hills, was surrounded by cedar thickets. It was a very important place for the wild cattle, since the water was clear and cold and the trees offered them a hiding place. Soon the little groups of men melted away among the cedars until Sam and Danny could scarcely believe that they contained a single horseman. All was quiet and serene.

"Look, Sam," cried Danny. "They've been here already. See all of those tracks over there."

"Sh! Of course, Danny. Now all we have to do is keep still and wait for them to come back."

After what seemed an eternity to the boys there was a rustle among the thickets off to the left.

"Sam, do you hear that?"

"Yes, do you have your rope ready?"

"Yes sir-ree, I have."

Soon they could see the cattle slowly poking through the thickets down to the clear cold water. Still the men waited.

"Why can't we do something?" whispered Danny.

"I don't know, but we must wait until the men begin. I don't believe that we can ever rope one of those big steers."

"Now, Sam, we are going to try to, anyway. We ought to be able to do it together."

By this time the cattle were swarming down to the water hole. Suddenly the thickets came alive with men. They seemed to be everywhere at once with their swinging lariats.

"Now, Danny, come on. Let's try it."

The boys began to circle down toward the spring. The cattle were crowding close and it looked as if the boys would be crushed by so many cattle rather than be able to rope any one of them.

"Come over this way, Sam. We don't want to get caught in that bunch. Let's work our way out."

Sam didn't like to get so far away from Mr. Riley but he did not want to let Danny go on alone, so there was nothing else to do but follow him.

Just as Danny reached a small clearing, he saw a young calf emerging from a neighboring thicket. Oh, if he could only rope that calf! It would be a perfect day for him. The calf had strayed away from her mother and seemed oblivious to everything except the clear pool of water before her.

Danny crept on, rope in hand. When he thought that he had come near enough, he raised his rope, threw it deftly and was rewarded by the answering tug of the frightened calf. Hurrah! He had roped her! But oh, what a strong pull she had! He hung on desperately, hoping that Sam would soon arrive.

When Sam came through the clearing, he could scarcely believe his eyes, for there was his brother Danny struggling to hold his rope, while a terrified calf tugged at the other end of it.

There was Danny struggling to hold the rope

"I'm coming, Danny. Hold her," shrieked Sam as he jumped across the clearing. "Hold her tight and I'll tie her down for you."

In a few minutes Sam had tied the calf securely so that Danny could relax and get his breath.

"Well, you roped one, Danny," said Sam admiringly as he thwacked his brother on the back. "I'll bet no other eleven-year-old boy could do that."

"Aw, it was nothing really. It was easy for I just happened to come along at the right time."

"Won't Mr. Riley be proud of you? It's a dandy calf too. Humph! I guess that this calf is better than a wampum string, isn't it, Danny?"

Danny's eyes were shining. "Much better, Sam. I don't care about the old wampum string, really I don't."

After the men had roped as many of the outlaw cattle as possible and the rest of the beasts had dashed into the hills, Mr. Riley found the boys in the clearing.

"Where have you boys been? What's this? You've roped a calf? Why, Sam, you're a regular cowboy."

"It wasn't I, Mr. Riley. It was Danny. He did it all alone. When I came through that thicket, he had roped it and was trying to tie it."

"But Sam tied her for me or I couldn't have kept it," put in Danny hastily.

"Well, well, boys! You are real ropers, there is no doubt of it. Danny, that will be the beginning of a herd for your mother's ranch."

Danny beamed. "Why, Mr. Riley, I roped it for you."

"For me, nothing. That calf belongs to Danny Harrison, and some day you will have a great herd of cattle."

XI

SAM SLIPS THROUGH

Mrs. Harrison purchased a small ranch near Glorieta Pass and in a few weeks after the moonshining expedition, she and the boys were established in their new home. They bought a few cattle and with Danny's outlaw calf, which he was rapidly taming, they began a business which was to prove quite profitable.

After Mr. Riley disposed of his merchandise and sold most of his equipment, he began to look about for a place to locate near the Harrisons. The government was just opening a post office, with an express and stage change at Glorieta Pass and Mr. Riley was fortunate enough to get this trading post position. The location of the post was a beautiful wooded spot about twenty miles east of Santa Fé and the only available pass through the mountains for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles north and south. Since the boys were located so near to the trading post, Mr. Riley employed them to help him so that he would not have to employ an assistant.

One morning Mr. Riley left Sam in charge of the post while he and Danny went over to old Pigeon Ranch to get Mr. Smythe to sign some papers which were to be sent east on that morning's stage coach.

Sam whistled merrily as he sorted the outgoing mail for the morning stage. He was feeling particularly gay this morning for it was the first time that Mr. Riley had ever left him in charge of the post. He was glad that this was the morning for the stage coach to arrive, for he did enjoy the excitement of the

horses dashing up to the post and the driver deftly coiling his whip for its stock.

It would soon be time for Danny and Mr. Riley to be returning from old Pigeon Ranch, for it was just an hour until the coach was due at Glorieta Pass. Sam looked around the little room to see if all the mail and express was ready so that Mr. Riley could load it quickly. There was the mail sack, those boxes by the door and the sack of silver bullion. It was government money to be sent to St. Louis in payment for supplies and guns which had come to Santa Fé by the last caravan from the East.

Suddenly he heard the sound of voices and the slow shuffling of feet. The shuffling stopped on the outside of the building, just on the other side of the wall. Two men were talking and he heard one of them say,

"If we are goin' to grab that money, we had better do it now. The old man will be back shortly and the coach will soon be due."

"How do you know it's safe? Maybe there is someone there besides that boy."

"I tell you that I have it all figured out; there's no one else here. Now we'll burst in and scare that boy. You tie him up so that he

can't call and I'll grab the sack of silver and get around to the horse which I have ready behind the corral."

Sam was so excited that he could scarcely keep still. He glanced wildly about the room. What could he do?

"Well we can risk it, if we are to divide equally in this bargain," muttered one of the men.

"Let's look up the road again to see that there is no one in sight."

Sam could hear their footsteps as they walked away from the building. He must think of some way to save the bullion and the mail! Looking about for a way of escape he noticed a hole in the wall which was used occasionally to pass bullion and express through to the outside. It was small, but it was his only hope. He lifted the flap which covered the hole and looked out; nothing was to be seen save the old corral with its several ponies sleeping at their stalls.

Seizing the two sacks he pushed them through the hole and let them drop very cautiously to the ground. Then he began to wriggle through himself, twisting and turning in an effort to get his hips through the narrow

opening. Suddenly he thought he heard the shuffling of feet again. Panic-stricken, he gave a lurch which freed him and sent him rolling over the ground. He had fallen upon his arm hurting it terribly, but this was no time to pay attention to pain. He snatched up the two bags and began to roll toward the corral; he dared not stand upright as he might be seen.

Finally he reached it and knew he was safely out of sight of the men. He climbed up onto the horse which the stranger had left there and set off down the ravine at a rapid rate, for he had no time to lose if he was to make the highway in time to catch the stage. He urged the horse to greater speed, and at last he could see the highway in front of him. As he reached it he saw the stage coach in the distance. He had made it! He pulled up his horse in front of the coach, blocking the way.

The driver pulled up short, just missing Sam by a few feet.

"Hey there, boy, what do you mean by stopping the government stage? A few tricks like that and you'll get killed," cried the irate stage driver.

"Oh, sir," gasped Sam, "I had to stop you.

The driver pulled up short

I have the mail sack and the silver bullion for the stage. I'm from Glorieta Pass."

"The mail and the silver bullion from Glorieta Pass? What under the canopy are you doing with it here? Couldn't you wait until we got there? Here, hand it up here."

"I can't, sir. You'll have to unwind it from the horn. I can't seem to use this arm, sir."

The driver unwound the sacks, stowed them into the government pouch on the coach and then turned to the boy.

"Why, look here, lad, let's see the arm. I do believe you've broken it." The driver examined his arm, muttering to himself all the while. "Let this man who has been riding with me ride the horse and you climb up on the driver's seat with me and tell me how you happened to bring the mail down here to me."

Sam was glad to obey his orders for he was suddenly very weak and exhausted. As they rode along, he explained the whole situation to the driver, even to his falling from the express hole and hurting his arm.

"Well, well, just wait until we tell Henry Riley. He doesn't know that the U. S. Government has found a hero right at its own post. Boy, you'll make an A1 stage coach

driver when you are a man. Did you say that the men came into the post?"

"I don't know, sir, but I thought I heard them. I'm not just sure. I don't know what Mr. Riley will say."

"Here we are," cried the driver as he cracked his whip when they rounded the bend in the road.

There was the little adobe trading post, in front of which stood Mr. Riley peering up at the coach. When the coach stopped, Danny looked up at the high seat and saw Sam.

"Mr. Riley! Mr. Riley!" called Danny. "Here's Sam, right here, safe on the stage coach seat."

"Heaven be praised," cried Mr. Riley. "We thought that you were kidnapped, my boy. We've had a terrible robbery. The silver bullion and the mail sack are gone. When we returned from the ranch we found the post broken into and everything in confusion. We supposed that you had been carried off too, Sam. How did you get to the coach?"

"How did he?" ejaculated the driver. "Why, he saved your mail sack and the silver. He slipped through the express hole with the sacks and rode to meet me and delivered 'em

to me with his arm broken in the bargain. That's what this boy did!"

"What's this? Saved the bullion?" exclaimed Mr. Riley stupidly.

Then Sam had to tell the whole story again, with many expletives and additions from the driver, while Danny laughed and cried for joy all the while because Sam was safe and unharmed.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Riley when Sam had finished his story, "I am more proud than ever of my fife and drum corps. You have proved not only that you were helpers on the trail, but you are real western cattle ropers and government heroes. The Government is going to hear of this, Sam, and I hope that there will be more boys like you coming over the Santa Fé trail with the same courage and a fife and drum."

* *

Glorieta Pass is today an interesting spot on two modern highways, both of which follow this Pass through the mountains. Three of the original twenty-three rooms of the Spanish post are still standing. In the room

which served as the postoffice, one can see this same hole in the adobe wall through which the bullion used to be passed to the stage driver. Here also is a collection of Indian relics, Spanish guns and powder horns, and many different kinds of saddles. Parts of the old corrals used by the government are still standing.

THE OLD SA

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W
E
S

COLORADO

ARKANSA

SAND CREEK

WILLOW BAR

CIMARR

NEW

RABBIT EAR MOUNDS

SANTA FE

GLORIETA PASS

CANADIAN

TEXAS

APACHE CANYON

MEXICO

A FE TRAIL

AS

MISSOURI

INDEPENDENCE

COUNCIL GROVE

PAWNEE ROCK

NUT CREEK

FORKS

COW CREEK

COTTONWOOD CREEK

NEOSHO RIVER

ARKANSAS RIVER

OKLAHOMA

IVER

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